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## JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

### BIOGRAPHY.

*The Lives of the Lord Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal of England, &c.* By JOHN LORD CAMPBELL, A.M. (Second series: from the Revolution of 1688 to the death of Lord Chancellor Thurlow, in 1806.)

[SECOND NOTICE.]

WE resume our notice of this work with the memoir of TREVOR, who succeeded MAYNARD, as commissioner; a man utterly devoid of principle, and a lawyer of the meanest capacity. He was nicknamed "Squinting Jack," and his practice lay chiefly in the Old Bailey, in which he obtained great repute. But he was indebted for promotion to his kinsman, the infamous JEFFREYS, who first procured him to be made Master of the Rolls by JAMES II. and when the change came, the supple lawyer changed too, and succeeded in procuring from the new government the Commission of the Great Seal, and the Speakership of the House of Commons. But having been guilty of taking bribes, he was expelled the House, though not the judicial office.

Strange to say, not only no further proceedings were taken against him to punish him for the bribery of which he had been guilty, or to make him refund the bribe, but he was permitted to retain his high judicial office of Master of the Rolls—taking precedence of the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer—and to administer justice in the Court of Chancery, after his expulsion from the House of Commons—for the long period of two-and-twenty years—under Lord Chancellor Somers, Lord Keeper Wright, Lord Chancellor Cowper, Lord Chancellor Harcourt, and Lord Chancellor Cowper again. His offence could not have been regarded by his contemporaries by any means in the same serious light in which we should regard it. Even in the resolution of the House of Commons, the bribe is tenderly designated a "gratuity;" and, in those times, although judicial corruption would have been strongly reprobated, yet to give or to receive money for voting in parliament was only called "the way of the world." The sin was reckoned to be in the discovery,—not in the act.

His subsequent career is thus described—

He lived ever afterwards very privately, and found his chief delight in accumulating money. He became so great an economist, that he even grudged a glass of wine to a poor relation. It is recorded of him, that "he had dined by himself one day at the Rolls, and was drinking his wine quietly, when his cousin, Roderic Lloyd, was unexpectedly introduced to him from a side door: "You rascal," said his Honour to the servant, "and you have brought my cousin, Roderic Lloyd, Esquire, Prothonotary of North Wales, Marshal to

Baron Price, &c. &c. &c. up my back stairs. Take my cousin, Roderic Lloyd, Esquire, Prothonotary of North Wales, Marshal to Baron Price, &c. &c. &c.; take him instantly down my back stairs and bring him up my front stairs." Roderic in vain remonstrated, and while he was conveyed down the back stairs, and up the front stairs, the bottle and glasses were removed by his Honour,—some law books and papers taking their place.

LORD SOMERS was the son of a provincial attorney, who had taken an active part in the civil war. He laboured hard at the study of the law, but without neglecting the classics and polite literature, in which he was a proficient, and throughout his life loved to indulge. He was especially fond of composition, and wrote tales and poetry, to which exercises no doubt he was indebted for a largeness of mind, and a grace of manner never seen in the mere lawyer. When retired from active exertions he continued to be the patron of learning. LORD CAMPBELL says of him,—

The next glory to that of being a classical writer is being the patron of classical writers, and this Somers enjoyed, in conjunction with Montague, to a degree not known in any preceding or succeeding age in England. With us it is a national reproach that authorship has rather been despised and discountenanced by the great, and it has been deemed somewhat discreditable for a man to earn his bread, or to rise into celebrity, by his pen. A successful lawyer, or a parliamentary debater, may overcome all the disadvantages of obscure origin or of early poverty, but no degree of mere literary eminence leads to political promotion. In subsequent times Addison would not have risen to a post of higher distinction than that of Editor of a Journal. But although he could not open his mouth in Parliament, Somers and Montague justly appreciated his inimitable powers as a writer, and being courted and caressed by them and the other leaders of the Whig party, he became chief secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, a Privy Councillor, and Secretary of State. The fashion which they set was adopted by Harley and the Tories. Swift was received at the table of the Lord Treasurer with as much distinction as if he had been decorated with the Garter, and Prior was employed as an ambassador to negotiate the peace of Utrecht. Lord Somers was ever eager to do honour to established literary reputation, and to discover rising genius. When Pope, "lipping in numbers," gave his boyish compositions to the world,

"The courtly Talbot, SOMERS, Sheffield, read."

He was never married, owing to a disappointment in his youth.

When Solicitor-General he had paid his addresses to a young lady, to whom he seems to have been tenderly attached. This was a Miss Anne Bawdon, daughter of Sir John Bawdon, a wealthy alderman of London. When the lovers had plighted their mutual troth, and thought that a long career of domestic

happiness was before them, the flinty-hearted father asked what settlement was to be made upon his daughter, corresponding to the fortune he meant to bestow upon her? A rental (rather a short one) was given in. Somers's patrimony was very moderate, and he had added little to it himself, having begun practice late, and having been more solicitous about reputation than money. The sordid city knight cared little for the fair character or the bright prospects of the poor Solicitor-General, and, declaring the house at Whiteladies and the farm at Severn Stoke to be no provision for a widow, an eldest son, and younger children, prematurely broke off the match, and compelled the weeping girl to accept an offer from a rich Turkey merchant;—a step he is said to have heartily repented, when, at the end of three years, he whom he had rejected for his son-in-law being made Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, Sir John Bawdon wished, like Sir Giles Overreach, that he could have seen his "Right Honourable Daughter." After this disappointment, which he keenly felt, Somers thought no more of the marriage state, and devoted himself to his public duties and the cultivation of literature and science.

To Lord COWPER is the administration of justice indebted for the removal of one of the foulest blots that ever disgraced it.

#### THE NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

One most beneficial change he effected by his own authority, and from his own sense of what was right. Hitherto, according to ancient custom, large "New Year's Gifts" were annually made by all the officers of the Court of Chancery to the Lord Chancellor or Lord Keeper. The consequence was that for their reimbursement, they were allowed to extort large fees from the suitors; constant reluctance was felt to visit their delinquencies with suitable punishment, and the judge was crippled in the discharge of his most important duties. This usage was common to all the courts in Westminster Hall. But there was another of a more monstrous nature—and still more pernicious—which was peculiar to Chancery—that all the counsel who practised in the court came to breakfast with the Chancellor on the 1st of January in every year, and in the hope of being raised to the bench, or of obtaining silk gowns, or of winning "the judge's ear," made him a pecuniary present according to their generosity or their means, or their opinion of his venality or stability. Lord Keeper Cowper resolved entirely to abolish all these "New Year's Gifts." He first, out of delicacy, mentioned the subject to Godolphin the Prime Minister, knowing that he was likely to be privately censured, although no one could openly oppose him. In his Diary, under date, "30th Dec." he says, "I acquainted the Lord Treasurer with my design to refuse New Year's Gifts, if he had no objection against it, as spoiling, in some measure, a place of which he had the conferring. He answered it was not expected of me but that I might do as my predecessors had done, but if I refused he thought nobody could blame me for it." Accordingly the Lord Keeper gave notice that no New Year's Gifts would be received by him. Nevertheless, on the morning of the 1st of January, several came to his house with the usual offerings, but they were all denied admittance; and with self-congratulation, though not without apprehension of consequences, he immediately wrote in his Diary, "New Year's Gifts turned back: and pray God it doth me more credit and good than hurt, by making secret enemies in *face Romuli*." The storm that he dreaded arose. No sooner was the fact known that the holder of the Great Seal had refused all New Year's Gifts than the chiefs of the King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, were thrown into a state of consternation; and alarm was felt by the heads of the Treasury, and other departments of the government, who derived considerable advantage from the present-giving custom.

Of Lord HARCOURT we learn that he was a friend of POPE, and many interesting anecdotes of their acquaintance are preserved. We take one:—

He was ever ready to assist men of genius in distress. J. Philips, the author of the "Splendid Shilling," and the poem in praise of "Cider," he liberally patronized while living, and he erected, at his own expense, a monument in Westminster Abbey to his memory, obtaining for it an inscription

by Atterbury. Both while he was in office, and after his fall, he lived on terms of the greatest intimacy, not only with Pope, but with Gay, Prior, Parnell, Arbuthnot, the Phillips's, and most of the other wits of the time. Addison he occasionally met,—when there was perfect courtesy, but on account of politics, no cordiality between them. Pope and Gay he treated as brothers. The old family mansion at Stanton-Harcourt had been untenanted since the death of Sir Philip in 1688, but a few rooms continued furnished. Of three of these, each thirteen feet square, one above the other in an antique turret, Pope, that he might be sequestered from the world, took possession in the summer of 1718, and here he devoted himself to the translation of the *Iliad*. The uppermost retains the name of "Pope's Study," he having with his own hand traced upon a pane of red stained glass, in one of the casements still preserved, the following inscription:—

In the year 1718,  
Alexander Pope  
finished here  
the fifth volume of Homer.

Lord Harcourt himself then lived at Cockthorpe, a place in Buckinghamshire, at no great distance,—having Gay for his inmate—and they were allowed occasionally to intrude upon the inspired translator—being his only visitors.

We subjoin a few more reminiscences of THURLOW:

#### THURLOW'S ANCESTORS.

He had a just contempt for the vanity of new men pretending that they are of ancient blood; and some one attempting to flatter him by trying to make out that he was descended from Thurlow, Cromwell's Secretary, who was a Suffolk man, "Sir," said he, "there were two Thurlows in that part of the country, who flourished about the same time, Thurlow the Secretary and Thurlow the carrier; I am descended from the last."

#### THURLOW IN SOCIETY.

Thurlow was not ill-natured in conversation; and Johnson was considered a more terrible opponent. Craddock, who knew both intimately, says: "I was always more afraid of Johnson than of Thurlow; for though the latter was sometimes very rough and coarse, yet the decisive stroke of the former left a mortal wound behind it." According to the fashion still prevailing in his time, he used to have long symposiac sittings after dinner, during which his wit was stimulated by the brisk circulation of the bottle. "In the afternoon of life, conviviality, wine, and society unbent his mind. It was with Mr. Rigby, Lord Gower, Lord Weymouth, Mr. Dundas, and a few other select friends, that he threw off his constitutional severity." Though by no means subject to the charge of habitual intemperance, yet from occasional indulgence he sometimes found himself in scenes which, according to our sober notions, were not very fit for a chancellor. "Returning, by way of frolic," relates Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, "very late at night, on horseback, to Wimbledon from Addiscombe, the seat of Mr. Jenkinson, near Croydon, where the party had dined, Lord Thurlow, the chancellor, Pitt, and Dundas, found the turnpike-gate, situate between Tooting and Streatham, thrown open. Being elevated above their usual prudence, and having no servant near them, they passed through the gate at a brisk pace, without stopping to pay the toll, regardless of the remonstrances and threats of the turnpike-man, who, ruining after them, and believing them to belong to some highwaymen who had recently committed some depredations on that road, discharged the contents of his blunderbuss at their backs. Happily he did no injury."

#### ANECDOTES OF THURLOW.

On the occasion of a public procession, the prince, who had taken offence at something Thurlow had said or done, rudely stepped in before the chancellor. Thurlow observed, "Sir, you have done quite right; I represent your royal father: majesty walks last. Proceed, sir." At Brighthelmston the Prince of Wales, living with a gay set of frivolous young men, who displeased the ex-chancellor much, asked him frequently to dinner, but always met with an excuse. At last, walking in front of the pavilion in company with them, he met Lord Thurlow, and pressed him much to dine with him, saying, "You must positively name a day." Lord

Thurlow, looking at the party who were with the prince, said, "If I must name a day or time, it shall be when your royal highness keeps better company." At another time Lord Thurlow had voluntarily given the prince some advice, which was far from being palatable. His royal highness was so angry, that he sent to him to say that in future Carlton-house gates would be shut against him. Lord Thurlow answered, "I am not surprised; proffered favours always stink." The prince, conscious of the ungenerous return he had made, acknowledged his error, and they again became friends. The prince once sent Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt to the ex-chancellor, to ask his opinion respecting some difference in the royal family. "You may tell your master," said Thurlow, "I shall not give him my opinion." "My lord," said Sir Thomas, "I cannot take that message to his royal highness." "Well, then," said Lord Thurlow, "you may tell him from me, that if he can point out one single instance in which he has followed my advice, I will give him my opinion on this matter." In Thurlow's time, the habit of profane swearing was unhappily so common that Bishop Horsley, and other right reverend prelates, are said not to have been entirely exempt from it; but Thurlow indulged in it to a degree that admits of no excuse. I have been told by an old gentleman, who was standing behind the woolsack at the time that Sir Hay Campbell, then Lord Advocate, arguing a Scotch appeal at the bar in a very tedious manner, said, "I will now, my lords, proceed to my severest point." "I'll be d—d if you do," cried Thurlow, so as to be heard by all present; "this house is adjourned till Monday next," and off he scampered. Sir James Mansfield, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, used to relate, that while he and several other legal characters were dining with Lord Chancellor Thurlow, his lordship happening to swear at his Swiss valet when retiring from the room, the man returned, just put his head in, and exclaimed, "I won't be d—d for you, milor," which caused the noble host and all his guests to burst out into a roar of laughter. From another valet he received a still more cutting retort. Having scolded this meek man for some time without receiving any answer, he concluded by saying, "I wish you were in hell." The terrified valet at last exclaimed, "I wish I was, my lord! I wish I was!" Sir Thomas Davenport, a great *nisi prius* leader, had been intimate with Thurlow, and long flattered himself with the hopes of succeeding to some valuable appointment in the law, but several good things passing by, he lost his patience and temper along with them. At last he addressed this laconic application to his patron:—"The Chief Justiceship of Chester is vacant; am I to have it?" and received the following laconic answer:—"No, by God! Kenyon shall have it!" Having once got into a dispute with a bishop respecting a living of which the Great Seal had the alternate presentation, the bishop's secretary called upon him, and said, "My Lord of ——— sends his compliments to your lordship, and believes that the next turn to present to ——— belongs to his lordship." Chancellor.—"Give my compliments to his lordship, and tell him that I will see him d—d first before he shall present." Secretary.—"This, my lord, is a very unpleasant message to deliver to a bishop." Chancellor.—"You are right, it is so; therefore tell the bishop that I will be d—d first before he shall present." With all his faults, it must ever be remembered to his honour that, by his own abilities alone, without flattery of the great, or mean compliances with the humours of others, he raised himself from obscurity to the highest dignity in the state; that no one can ascribe his rise to reputed mediocrity, which is sometimes more acceptable than genius, and that for a period of forty years he not only preserved an ascendancy among distinguished lawyers, statesmen, and orators, but that he was regarded with respect and esteem by eminent poets, moralists, and divines.

#### SNUBBING A SOLICITOR.

He often treated the bar with great rudeness, and his demeanour to the other branch of the profession sometimes awakened recollections of Jeffreys. A solicitor once had to prove a death before him, and being told upon every statement he made, "Sir, that is no proof," at last exclaimed, much vexed, "My Lord, it is very hard that you will not believe me; I knew him well to his last hour; I saw him dead and in his coffin, my Lord. My Lord, he was my client."

Lord Chancellor—"Good God, Sir! Why did you not tell me that before? I should not have doubted the fact for one moment; for I think nothing can be so likely to kill a man as to have you for his attorney." \* \* \* This jest, which was probably thought innocuous by the author of it, is said to have ruined the reputation and the business of the unfortunate victim.

But THURLOW, amid all his coarseness, had a good heart, and knew how to appreciate and reward merit. A creditable trait is thus recorded of him, and with this we conclude:—

#### RECTOR AND CURATE.

On one occasion a considerable living fell vacant in the Chancellor's gift, which was solicited by Queen Charlotte, and promised to her *protégé*. The curate, who had served in the parish some years, hearing who was likely to succeed, modestly applied for the Chancellor's intercession, that on account of his large family he might be continued in the curacy. The expectant rector calling to return thanks, Thurlow introduced the case of the curate, which he represented with great strength and pathos; but the answer was, "I should be much pleased to oblige your lordship, but unfortunately I have promised it to a friend." Thurlow—"Sir, I cannot make this gentleman your curate, it is true, but I can make him the rector; and, by G—d, he shall have the living as he cannot have the curacy." He instantly called in his secretary, and ordered the presentation to be made out in favour of the curate; who was inducted, and enjoyed the living many years.

#### VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Savage Life and Scenes in Australia and New Zealand, &c. &c. With numerous Illustrations.* By GEORGE FRENCH ANGAS, &c. In 2 vols. London: Smith and Elder.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

A FAVOURABLE specimen of his pictorial powers is this graphic sketch of

#### SYDNEY.

Inconceivably beautiful is the first sight of Sydney harbour. After entering the heads, and passing the small group of rocks called "The Sow and Pigs," the harbour appears completely land-locked, and in every direction the eye rests upon sloping grounds, scattered with trees and shrubs to the water's edge. The shores are indented by numerous charming little bays, where the transparent blue waters murmur gently upon a smooth beach of sand of the most dazzling whiteness; and these are relieved by clusters of deep rich foliage, with bold and rocky eminences jutting abruptly out from some miniature promontory. Houses, villas, and picturesque cottages are scattered about, in the most pleasing manner, around the varied shores of these enchanting little bays, peeping out of shrubberies, or from amongst gardens and cultivation. Many of these houses are tastefully built; the Gothic and Elizabethan styles being mostly adopted. After passing Watson's Bay and Camp Cove, where the pilots and water-police are stationed, the eye of the stranger is successively attracted by "Vaucluse," once the abode of Sir Henry Hay; the beautifully situated mansion of Point Piper, with its smooth lawn, gardens, and lemon grounds; the ornamental villa residences of Elizabeth Bay, amongst which those of Mr. M'Leay and Sir Thomas Mitchell are the most prominent; and lastly, the New Government House, a splendid Gothic edifice, situated on a protecting slope. Beyond extends Sydney Cove, with the city rising terrace-like from the water, and surmounting the surrounding hills with its wealth of daily increasing stone buildings. The numerous rocky islands studding the surface of the harbour are richly clothed with evergreen foliage, and add greatly to the beauty of the scene. On rounding the fort, off Government House, a busy and animated sight suddenly opens to view. Ships of all sizes, and many nations, crowd the cove, and the quays are lined with merchantmen, receiving the varied produce of New South Wales. The *coup d'œil* is enlivening and striking; the city of Sydney, built almost entirely of the beautiful white stone that forms its foundation, presents a gay and imposing appearance, when seen beneath the pure bright sunshine of an unclouded sky. At one





glance the eye takes in most of the principal structures. The churches, forts, hospitals, and barracks are all works of great labour and magnitude, and excite the astonishment of the stranger on beholding so vast and wealthy a city at the antipodes. Fifty years ago the site of Sydney was a barren rock, that boasted only a few huts and a handful of criminals, living in continual terror from the marauding bands of savages, who were the then possessors of the soil. Whatever may be the defects of the convict system, it has done all this. The criminals of Great Britain have built a city which has risen to be the metropolis of the south. On landing, the stranger is still more astonished at the wonderful progress of the place; proceeding along handsome streets, lighted with gas, having elegant houses, well-paved foot-paths, and shops equalling those of many of our first towns in England; and seeing the highways traversed by coaches, cabs, and equipages of various kinds, and thronged with gaily-dressed pedestrians, and an air of bustle and business pervading the whole city, he forgets that he is in Australia, and imagines for the moment that he is suddenly transported to the mother country.

So is that of the first sight of

#### COOK'S STRAITS.

The lofty summit of Mount Egmont, at the entrance of Cook's Straits, reared its snow-capped cone high above the horizon; and, as the afternoon sun shone upon the snow, it looked like a small white cloud resting along the sea. When we first discerned it, we were distant eighty-five miles from its summit; and as we sailed onward the line of this snowy limit became more distinct, and a grey mist hung over the land beneath. Very gently did the faint and shadowy pyramid reveal itself amid the haziness of the sky; but there it stood, lifting its crown of everlasting snows as a mighty beacon over the blue Pacific. At early daybreak I was on deck to enjoy the first sight of sunrise behind the volcano of Taranaki; and, peculiarly beautiful as the first vision of land is at sunrise, the scene I now looked upon was beyond description magnificent. A deep orange flush kindled more and more brightly, throwing up its glare from behind the dark slope of the mountain, until the vault of the heavens was embroidered, as it were, with fantastic patterns of richly-wrought cloud, woven into the most delicate tracery by the fresh east wind; while, as if to exhibit the scene beneath, this glorious curtain seemed to have been drawn up, and revealed the pure spotless ether of the morning sky, of a deep and lovely sapphire blue, against which towered the mighty volcano; its pearly summit standing out in bold relief, serene and majestic, in the unstained purity of its gleaming snows. During the day, clouds stole along its lofty sides, resting about halfway down; but the topmost peak of the cone still stood out clear and cutting against the sky.

We conclude with his brief but lively account of

#### THE CLIMATE OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

The climate is one perpetual succession of spring and summer: no leafless trees spread out their bare branches against a wintry sky—no sharp-nipping easterly winds pierce to the marrow—never does the glittering mantle of snow cover its verdant plains; and the rigours of our northern winters are unknown. The so-called winter or wet season, is an intermixture of heavy showers, and occasional days of continued rain, with the most charming weather imaginable; when we breathe the air of paradise, and the sun rises and sets in unclouded glory. In the months of August, September, and October—the spring of Australia—nothing can exceed the loveliness of the climate; the whole earth is carpeted with green, and the turf is gemmed with native flowers, amongst which are many of the *Orchidea*. January and February are frequently very hot, especially on those days when the sirocco or N.W. wind blows; then I once saw the thermometer standing in the shade at 107 deg.; but it was only for an hour or two, and on the succeeding evening the air was cool and pleasant, the wind blowing from the south-west. Although the thermometer frequently registers a very high degree of temperature, yet, owing to the extreme dryness and transparency of the air, that lassitude and oppression which are experienced in the tropics—even at a lower temperature, as indicated by the thermometer—is totally unknown in South Australia; indeed, I have but little hesitation in stating it to be one of the finest climates in the world; and certainly far

healthier, especially for those troubled with delicate lungs, than the severe and changeable one of England. There is said to be a great similarity, in many respects, between South Australia and Palestine; and, from my own observation, I can testify that the climate of South Australia is equal to that of the finest districts I have visited on the shores of the Mediterranean.

#### FICTION.

*Tales of the Century; or, Sketches of the Romance of History between the years 1746 and 1846.* By JOHN SOBEISKI and CHARLES EDWARD STUART. Edinburgh: Marshall.

"HISTORY," says Lord ORFORD, "is a romance which is believed: romance a history which is not believed."

There is a more profound truth in this remark than was contemplated by the noble author, or than by the preface to the volume before us has been discovered. Messrs. SOBEISKI and STUART explain it by a play upon words, and they learnedly trace the origin of the term "romance," for the purpose of shewing that formerly it was only a particular form of narrative, and embodied history as frequently as fiction; but, by degrees, it came to be applied to the substance instead of the form, and was held to be descriptive only of imaginary events.

But in the saying of Lord ORFORD there is the germ of a great truth. Whether intended or not by the propounder, it asserts a fact which cannot be too often repeated. A large portion of that which we term history, and believe, because it is so called, is really a romance; while no small part of that which has been embodied in romance, and therefore we do not believe, is veritable history.

The novelist often comes more nearly to the truth than the historian, because the former takes nature for his guide in his descriptions; the latter relies upon records, almost always imperfect, often deliberately lying.

Quitting this question, as better becoming a review of philosophy than a notice of a volume of tales, let us turn to the joint production of the gentlemen who have assumed names in which romance has claimed a peculiar property. Between the region of history and that of romance, say they, lies a debatable land, partaking of the qualities of both, and entitled "The Romance of History," a combination of veracity and exaggeration, having the attractions of both, and to which belongs the career of CHARLES EDWARD STUART. This is the hero of the tale before us, which, we presume, is the first of a contemplated series: the authors have seized upon the most mysterious incidents in the records of his career, and by the help of imagination given to them a meaning. They have entered upon the work with almost the zeal of partizans, and having the ability to construct a plot, and considerable power of writing, both in description and the dramatic scenes, they have produced a romance, brief, indeed, but stirring, and which a rapid reader might begin and end in one Christmas evening. To the story are appended notes, occupying more pages than the romance itself, and which the reader may peruse or neglect at his pleasure. But they are valuable materials for veritable history, gathered diligently from a vast variety of sources, and therefore not to be treated with the disdain usually bestowed on these sort of addenda to works of fiction.

#### POETRY.

*Lays and Legends of the West, and other Poems.* By FRANK CURZON. London: Whittaker and Co. Exeter: Curzon and Son.

EXETER and its neighbourhood, from which the Lays



and Legends under notice have been drawn, are rich in poetic material. A poet is principally educated by varied material beauty. A monotony of beauty is little better to a poetic mind than a monotony of deformity; that is, so far as it is instrumental to the complete education of genius. The only difference is, that one produces flatness, and the other incites fretfulness; but both mutually detract from sprightliness of mind. If the natural beauties of Devon, which are so diversified by hill and valley and other lovely forms, cannot make a poet, we should like to know what county is likely to do so. Mr. CURZON then must have found Nature a good master in directing him to narrate the Lays and Legends of Exeter and its neighbourhood. How far he has been an apt scholar our readers will judge by his description of the Exe.

Beautiful river! daughter of the Moor!  
Whose honied locks fall o'er thy childhood's face,  
With the rough kindness thou canst feel the more  
From the ripe charms that mark thy growing grace.  
I know not whether best I love thy track;  
When calling all thy earlier beauties back;  
Those woodlands wild, that stretch across thy breast,  
With their rude arms thrown round thee in thy rest;  
Or thy wild gushing o'er the heath-grown weir,  
Where by the rugged and unequal stair,  
Some briery bower or ancient spring is found,  
By the witch-elder rendered holy ground;  
Or by some gypsy group, whose mystic song  
With echoing strains the startling hills prolong,  
Made strangely musical—in every dress  
Thy river wears, I love thy loveliness.

This extract is from the first poem in the book, which is of greater length and pretension than any other. What it pretends to be, we believe it is—faithfully descriptive. Occasionally the description is vivid and graphic. The love of the poet is with the old Exe, and the writer seems to guide his spirit by the grandeur of its form.

When the night  
Falls o'er thy waters with its dim pale light;  
Or when, at morn, the blushing hills fall back  
To bear the beauty of thy winding track;  
Or at the glorious noon-time, when thy way  
Is through the bending woodland's o'erarched spray;  
Or when, at even-tide, thy murmuring path  
Its sweetest, gentlest, happiest echo bath—  
At every season, and in every mood,  
I'll seek in thee a minister of good;  
Make my wild music to thy waters move,  
And find in thee the eloquence of love.

More lays and more legends remain unsung and unsaid than Mr. CURZON has familiarized to us; but contentment is another name for wisdom, and, therefore, readers should be content with a portion when the whole is too comprehensive for the limits of one book. We are satisfied that Mr. CURZON need not be reviewed in his double character of a writer of prose and a writer of poetry. Mr. CURZON is a better poet than a prose writer, and he will not be disposed to quarrel with us because we perceive that his merit lies in a point. Mr. CURZON has a natural fluency of style, which makes him a good poetical interpreter of lays and legends. Lays and legends without flexibility are like days without sunshine—heavy, soulless, and wearisome. This cannot be brought as an objection against the book before us. Mr. CURZON is singularly elastic, and his readers must in reading become a part of his lyrical ease. The formality of the epic and the dignity of the drama accorded not with CURZON's idea of how a lay or a legend should be written. This idea was the true one, and the result of such idea has been some simple stories—simply and cleverly told.

Though the prose tales and the lays before us have, for the most part, their localized interest established, yet the book has something in addition suited to the general reader. "Annie Lindon" is a sad story, pointed with a moral truth, and excellently told. Annie Lindon is another Effie Deans—a poor unfortunate being, who ap-

pears like a necessary self-sufferer, in order to teach men wisdom and humanity. The real object of poetry has at last broken through the veil of allegory and description. That object is seen more or less in every poet of our times. The aim of poetry is now found to be, not so much to amuse as to instruct and ennoble. Even so Mr. CURZON has generalized the best of his local subjects, by applying it to the whole extent of humanity. If each local poet had never done less, his localization had lost its narrowness in something like public benefit.

We shall give enough of "Annie Lindon" to make it intelligible.

Near Okment's stream a cottage stands,  
Old, simple, rude—a ruin now;  
I knew it when its master's hands  
Were busy on that rock's cold brow,  
For he had made a wild, bleak hill,  
Most beautiful with trees and flowers.  
E'en now methinks I see him still  
In one of those neglected bowers:  
There with his child—a fair-haired girl—  
At set of sun his wont would be  
To read or talk, whilst in the whirl  
Of youth's delight, about some tree,  
She gathered garlands, quaint and rare,  
To throw around his long grey hair.

But the innocent is betrayed. A too common case. Annie Lindon destroys her infant! The delicacy of the poet would not allow the process of the murder to be given. The poet often shrinks from what the novelist revels in. The result is certain.

They chained her down in the felon's cell,  
That fair young girl, in her pride and her prime,  
And the world in its wisdom rung her knell,  
And gave her to death in the hour of her crime.  
O pity, and pardon, and love I claim,  
For the erring, the friendless, the poor;  
Think that ye add to the annals of shame  
The guilt of one murder the more?  
They chained her down in the felon's cell,  
From mercy, from charity driven;  
They made her familiar with works of hell,  
That she never might hope for heaven.  
Ye daughters of earth! ye are all, all weak,  
Not an hour do ye rest from sin;  
Dry up the tear from the Criminal's cheek,  
And take the Deserted one in,  
To the haunts of the wronged and the fallen go,  
Awake to the mission of love;  
Think that every sister you save below  
Is a sister to meet above.

Man's wisdom is all powerful to punish a poor girl's misfortune. Then comes the last fearful catastrophe; and, under the scaffold,

The man in whom every passion had died,  
Ere manhood had taught him the power to feel,  
Is there in his hollow and heartless pride,  
To add to her sentence his solemn zeal.  
And the sage is there with his hard cold face,  
By the side of the scholar taking his place;  
And while the one uttered his stern proud law,  
The other grew sadder from all he saw:  
Yet was he there with the rest, to hurl  
Into eternity one of his race;  
Was there to mock a weak young girl,  
And witness her death's disgrace.  
And woman was there, with her meek mild eye,  
Bright with a demon's extacy.

But within the walls of the prison another scene is being acted, and the solemn mockery is thus depicted:—

They came in all their callous parade,  
With voices, and faces, and robes all trim;  
The hangman was there with the badge of his trade,  
And the priest—ah! the Bible was carried by him.

We repeat the last line—"And the priest, ah! the Bible was carried by him." Poet and critic can say no more. We would pause on the power of this one word, only that the tale is not all told, for—

They came to the cell for the poor young thing  
 They might have been saving and solacing.  
 Whom hath the guilty to solace her now?  
 Who is that old man that bends o'er her brow?  
 That hangs round her neck and feeds on her breath,  
 And clasps her as closely as soon shall Death?  
 Father and child! oh, mark them well!  
 Think what she was to him ere she fell.  
 Who shall sever that long embrace?  
 Who harshly tear away face from face?  
 Who dare the struggling hands to part,  
 Or break the throbbing of heart with heart?  
 But they cannot wait—the death-bell's sound  
 Hath called the cold men sternly round.  
 "Seize them! part them! why do ye start!  
 Take off his hands from the woman's head;  
 What dost thou see that so slow thou art?  
 The dead in the arms of the dead!"

Mr. CURZON should here have rested. The consummation and proper finish, which so particularized the genius of CAMPBELL, was at this place. We did not require to be told that poison had produced the death of father and child. Poetry does not ask so much, and the burial in the cross-roads which follows adds nothing to the strength or the moral of the tale. It may be urged that the extracts we have given are trite. Suppose they are. Some old truths may be re-uttered to advantage, and no poet is less a poet because in his moral and social teachings he re-adorns a fact which previously has been the property of prose. We have quoted from the *Lays and Legends of the West* enough to shew the style and merits of the author. Mr. CURZON should, if he intends to follow poetry, cultivate his lyrical powers. His lyrics are now highly creditable, and his approach to excellence depends entirely on the amount of his self-education.

#### EDUCATION.

*Green's Nursery Annual.* London, 1847. Darton and Clark.

A GIFT-BOOK for babies! Nay, not exactly so, but for little children not yet emancipated from the nursery. Got up to please the eye, and to convey to the young mind such homely food as in its immature state it can alone digest, such as simple stories and rhymes, like those that a child loves to be told when sitting upon the knee in that pleasant twilight time when the blaze of the Christmas fire forbids the intrusion of the candles to dispel the charm, this volume is adorned with coloured engravings, and spirited woodcuts, and a border round every page; and the binding is novel and beautiful.

#### RELIGION.

*Notes Analogical and Expository of the Book of Revelations.* By J. ARNET STORY. London: Ward and Co.

MUCH ingenuity as well as learning have been bestowed upon the composition of this little work, which will greatly assist the Christian reader in his interpretation of the allegories and types contained in the Revelations.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Irish Diamonds; or a Theory of Irish Wit and Blunders; combined with other kindred subjects.* By JOHN SMITH, one of the editors of the "Liverpool Mercury," &c. London, 1847. Chapman and Hall. MERRIMENT and wisdom are more nearly allied than the world reputes them. The gravest man is not always the wisest, and he who thinks the most is the most ready for the relaxation of a laugh. The shallow fool not unfrequently endeavours to cloak his folly under a solemn face:

There are a sort of men whose visages  
 Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,

And do a wilful stillness entertain  
 With thought to be bedecked in an opinion  
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,  
 As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,  
 And when I ope my lips let no dog bark."  
 Oh! my Antonio, I do know of these  
 That therefore only are accounted wise  
 When they say nothing.

Mr. SMITH, like a true philosopher, is both merry and wise. He has sought to relieve the graver occupations of his busy life with a subject that yields a twofold pleasure—amusement in the gathering of materials, and exercise of thought in the arrangement and analysis of them. Irish wit is a field over which a collector may wander with no other inconvenience than a side-ache from excess of laughter; but it also is one upon which the philosopher in his study may ponder with the loftier purpose of tracing its origin in the national character, and its theory as deduced from the established principles of mental science. Mr. SMITH, combining both objects, has laboured diligently at the work, and has now placed the results before the public in a volume, which will better reward perusal than any of the Christmas tales with which the shops have been deluged during the present season. We propose to give some account of it.

Mr. SMITH commences appropriately with a sketch of the national characters of the English, the Scotch, and the Irish. This is accomplished by some very apt illustrations.

#### CHARACTERS OF THE ENGLISH, SCOTCH, AND IRISH.

Looking, then, at the populace of the three kingdoms (or rather queendoms), it may easily be perceived that there is a considerable difference amongst them with respect to temperament. The Irish are gay, ardent, and impetuous; the Scotch are comparatively cool, steady, and cautious; the English are, perhaps, a fair average between the two. I remember it was not inelegantly observed by a friend of mine, that an Englishman thinks and speaks; a Scotchman thinks twice before he speaks; and an Irishman speaks before he thinks. A lady present added, "A Scotchman thinks with his head: an Irishman with his heart." This allusion to impulse operating more rapidly than deliberation, is akin to Miss Edgeworth's remark, that an Irishman may err with his head, never with his heart: the truth, however, being, that he obeys his heart, not always waiting for the dictates of his head. Some years ago there was a caricature, very graphically portraying these grades of difference in the ardour of the three nations. An Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotchman were represented as looking through a confectioner's window at a beautiful young woman serving in the shop. "Oh!" exclaims Mr. Patrick, "do let us be after spending a half-crown with the dear cratur, that we may look at her conveniently, and have a bit of chat with her." "You extravagant dog!" says Mr. George, "I am sure one half the money will do quite as well. But let us go in by all means; she's a charming girl." "Ah, wait a wee!" interposed Mr. Andrew; "dinna ye ken it'll serve oor purpose equally weell just to ask the bonny lassie to gie us twa sixpences for a shilling, and inquire where's Mr. Thompson's hoose, and sic like? We're no hungry, and may as weell save the siller."

And there is the old story of the experiment made in London by two friends, who spoke to every labourer they met between St. Giles's and Holborn Hill, until they had found one belonging to each of the three countries; and to each, but separately, they put the question, "What would you take to stand on the top of the Monument all night with only your night-clothes on?" The Englishman, in a straightforward way, replied at once, "Five pounds;" the Scotchman cautiously asked, "What will ye gie?" and the Irishman, off-hand, exclaimed, "Sure, I'd be after taking a bad cowl."

The second chapter is devoted to Definitions of Wit and Blunder. The best, perhaps, is that which SYDNEY SMITH published in the *Edinburgh Review*. We extract these, with Mr. SMITH's comments and the illustrations:—

## WIT AND BLUNDER DEVINED.

The writer says (*Edinburgh Review*, vol. ii. July 1803), "Though the question is not a very easy one (to solve), we shall venture to say that a bull is an apparent congruity and real incongruity suddenly discovered." If I might paraphrase this definition, I should say that in a bull we have first an apparent agreement or consistency of parts, followed, however, by the sudden discovery of their ludicrous disagreement. "And if this account of bulls," says the Reviewer, "be just, they are the very reverse of wit; for, as wit discovers real relations that are *not* apparent, bulls admit *apparent* relations that are *not* real. The pleasure arising from wit proceeds from our surprise at suddenly discovering two things to be similar in which we suspected no similarity. The pleasure arising from bulls proceeds from our discovering two things to be dissimilar in which a resemblance might have been suspected." The Reviewer then proceeds to give two appropriate anecdotes, excellently illustrating the truth of both the definitions he has advanced. First, that of wit. "Louis XIV. being extremely harassed by the repeated solicitations of a veteran officer for promotion, said one day loud enough to be heard, 'That gentleman is the most troublesome officer I have in my service.' 'That is precisely the charge,' said the old man, 'which your majesty's enemies bring against me.'" Secondly, for the bull. "An Irish gentleman was writing a letter in a coffee-house, and perceiving that an Irishman stationed behind him was overlooking him, he continued writing, 'I would say more, but an impudent tall Irishman is reading over my shoulder every word I write.' 'You lie, you scoundrel!' said the self-convicted Hibernian." Upon these examples the Reviewer truly observes:—"The pleasure derived from the first of these stories proceeds from the discovery of the relation that subsists between the *object* the officer had in view and his own ready assent to an *observation* so unfriendly to that end. In the first rapid glance which the mind throws upon his words, he appears by his acquiescence to be pleading against himself. There seems to be no relation between what he says and what he wishes to effect by speaking. In the second story the pleasure is decidedly the reverse. The lie given was *apparently* the readiest means of proving his innocence, and *really* the most effectual way of establishing his guilt. There seems for a moment to be a strong relation between the means and the object, while, in fact, no irrelation can be so complete."

The author adds his own theory of Irish wit and its sources, in the peculiarities of the national character. In this he differs materially from the views of Mr. and Miss EDGEWORTH in their famous "Essay on Irish Bulls." The argument of the latter is mainly a denial of the fact, and they labour ingeniously to collect from the literature of other nations the same or parallel stories, in order to prove that they are not peculiar to Ireland, or characteristic of her people; but that they belong to all peoples of lively temperament. The English do not make bulls, because bulls are too phlegmatic. Those who use figurative language are the great bull makers; and to their figures of speech are the Irish bulls to be attributed. Mr. SMITH goes so far with the EDGEWORTHS, but he considers that a third ingredient must be added to complete the philosophy of Irish bulls and wit. Let him speak for himself:—

## THE AUTHOR'S DEFINITION.

The main cause for that which appears to me to be the prevailing Irish wit is the habit of the Irish to look to the other end, if I may so express myself, of any idea that is presented to them; a national habit of contrast; a mental antipodean exercise; a flight to the opposite extreme of a proposition—which, in youth, in manhood, and in age, the Irish seem to delight in. Any sudden start of intellectual antagonism, a prompt appliance of the contrary end of the telescope of thought, is as natural to an Irish mind as the rebound of a blow, or as the inevitably left-handed reflexion from a mirror. If I were to say the Irish were prone to sudden antithesis, this would partly express my meaning, but antithesis is not sufficiently graphic, neither is antimetathesis. The oxymoron, or rhetorical paradox, is nearer; under which form of proposition Cato used to say of Scipio Africanus, "He was never less at

leisure than when at leisure, nor less alone than when alone;" yet this is too straightforward, too ordinary, too obvious a contradiction of terms. There is a more witty specimen of this figure, in which it is said,—An Englishman is never happy but when he is miserable; a Scotchman is never at home but when he is abroad; an Irishman is never at peace but when he is fighting. This is nearer the mark; but I must, if possible, be more explicit still. One neighbour may live directly opposite to another in a straight street; but it is more like the oppositeness I would describe, when, at four street ends, each corner-house is considered in reference to the one diagonally opposite.

And this is an illustration:—

When General V——— was quartered in a small town in Ireland, he and his lady were regularly besieged, whenever they got into their carriage, by an old beggar woman, who kept her post at the door, assailing them daily with fresh importunities and fresh tales of distress. At last the lady's charity and the general's patience were nearly exhausted, but their petitioner's wit was still in its pristine vigour. One morning, at the accustomed hour, when the lady was getting into her carriage, the old woman began,—"Agh! my lady; success to yer ladyship, and success to yer honour's honour this morning, of all the days in the year; for sure didn't I drame last night that her ladyship gave me a pound of tay, and that yer honour gave me a pound of tobacco."—"But, my good woman," said the General, "do you not know that dreams always go by the rule of contrary?"—"Do they so, plase yer honour?" rejoined the old woman; "then it must be yer honour that will give me the tay, and her ladyship that will give me the tobacco." Here the English or Scotch mind, I have no hesitation in saying, would have taken the allusion to dreams and their contraries to signify that, as far as dreams could apply to realities, there must be expected, according to the adage, a decided negation of the request which had been urged; but the Irish are not disposed to look at such opposites. No; they must fly to the *compound contrariety*.

With this theory before him, Mr. SMITH proceeds to review the various specimens he has heard or read of, and we take a few of the best of the

## IRISH BULLS.

"Why do you write in so very large a hand?" inquired a friend. "Arrah, dear, an' isn't it to my poor mother I'm writing? and she is so very deaf, that I'm writing her a loud letter."

"Is not that a thin fellow?" said an Englishman to Paddy. "I do think I never saw in all England, a man so very thin." "Och!" said Paddy, with a chuckling whoop, "do you call *him* thin? why I know a man in Ireland that's as thin as two av him."

This, again, is the other end of the idea:—

Murphy was going to his work early one morning, and was met by a friend, who knew that Murphy's married sister, with whom he lodged, was expected to add a unit to the population. "Well, is there any news of your sister this morning?" "Oh, then, indeed there is, I'm glad to tell you; and all's nicely over: thanks be for that same, any how." "And is it a boy or a girl?" "By the powers, now, and if I haven't forgotten to ask whether I am an uncle or an aunt."

Another chapter is devoted to

## IRISH WIT.

An Irish sentinel on duty was so furiously assailed by a dog, that to escape inevitable damage from his powerful fangs he shot the animal. It turned out to be the property of an officer of the garrison, who severely rebuked the soldier, telling him that he might surely have been satisfied by taking the butt-end of his musket to defend himself. "And so I would have done, yer honour, had he run at me wid his tail."

It was a contrast amounting to a reflection which the impudent Irish vagrant played off upon the magistrate, who shewed no little prejudice himself at the sight of the petty offender: "Ah! sir, I see what you are; I see the rogue in your face." "Indeed, yer worship, I didn't know afore that my face was a looking-glass."



Paddy came very late to his work one morning, for which his employer reprimanded him. In the afternoon, his master met him half-way home before the usual hour of dismissal. "How is this, my man, and you were so late this morning?" "Troth, sor, I'm going airly for that same raison, because it would be too bad to be late twice in one day."

(To be continued.)

*The Doctor.* Vol. VI. London: Longman & Co.

THE authorship of this whimsical production was concealed for a long time, and "Who wrote *The Doctor*?" was the theme of earnest debate at clubs and coteries. The wisdom and the poetry scattered about the pages pointed to some practised pen that could not have failed to make itself famous in other forms. But the puerilities with which they were so largely mingled indicated rather a great mind declining into its dotage than the voluntary folly of a philosopher in his moments of unwisdom, when learning how "*dulce est desipere in loco*."

But presently it was whispered that *The Doctor* was no other than Doctor SOUTHEY. There was his amplitude of learning; there his narrowness of thought. His poetry was apparent in one page, his peculiar strain of sentiment in another, his pure Saxon English in a third. The paternity thus awarded by common fame was not repudiated. Although successive volumes appeared without the author's name upon the title-page, to him they were universally attributed. When death so untimely arrested his laborious hand, in the midst of the books that were loved by him like life, and to whose society his happiest hours were dedicated, the sixth volume of *The Doctor* was written and in course of revision for the printer, and the materials for a seventh were collected. His son-in-law, the Rev. Mr. WARTER, assumed the pious duty of completing the work his revered relative had left unfinished. The remainder of the one volume was revised, and the gatherings for the other have been expurgated and arranged in accordance with the design of the author. The one is now before us; the other, finishing the work, will follow speedily.

The posthumous Editor has, however, judiciously curtailed some of the puerilities in which SOUTHEY had indulged,—the freaks of typography that must have so sorely perplexed his printers how they should comply with the eccentricities of type and illustration upon which the author insisted. *The Doctor* has enough of substantial attractions to need no such vulgar arts. The commonplace book of a reader of such extensive and out-of-the-way lore as SOUTHEY loved, could not fail to be replete with amusement, and possibly with substantial information; his quiet humours, his warm imagination, and genial temperament would make the manner as agreeable as the matter. Hence a work which, with all its faults, "the world will not willingly let die," which will take a permanent place upon the book shelf, and be read and enjoyed when his ponderous epics and his scarcely less heavy ethics shall have passed into oblivion.

But *The Doctor* is not a book about which it is possible to talk. It is not a subject for a critical review, and it is far too miscellaneous for aught in the nature of a description of its contents. It can be exhibited only by extracts, and with these half-a-dozen CRITICS might with ease be filled. The difficulty lies in the selection, where the abundance is so great. But we must present enough to stay the reader's appetite until he can procure the book itself, or to convey a fair notion of its contents to the busy reader whom time will not permit to do more than acquire a general knowledge of books from these notices of them; the which, by-the-by, is the proper office and vocation of a literary journal.

The ancient and almost unknown author, ASGILL, forms the substratum, as it were, of the first portion of the volume; the quaint sayings and odd learning of the sage being mingled with the quiddities and scarcely less

quaint reflections they suggested to the Doctor. What a hodge-podge of learning is in this on

#### THE GENEALOGY OF THE NAME OF DOVE!

If he looked for the names through the thinner disguise of language, there was Semiramis, who, having been fed by doves, was named after them. What was Zurita, the greatest historian of Arragon, but a young stock-dove? What were the three Palominos, so properly enumerated in the Bibliotheca of Nicolas Antonio? Pedro the Benedictine, in whose sermons the more than ordinary breathing of the spirit might not unreasonably be expected from his name; Francisco, who translated into Castilian the *Psychomachia* of the Christian poet Aurelius Prudentius, and Diego, the prior of Xodar, whose *Liber de mutatione aris, in quo assidua et mirabilis mutationis temporum historia, cum suis causis, enarratur*, he so greatly regretted that he had never been able to procure: what were these Palominos? what but doves?—Father Colombiere, who framed the service for the heart of Jesus, which was now so fashionable in Catholic countries, was clearly of the dove genus. St. Columba was a decided dove; three there were certainly, the Senonian, the Cordovan, and the Cornish; and there is reason to believe that there was a fourth also, a female dove, who held a high rank in St. Ursula's great army of virgins. Columbo the anatomist, deservedly eminent as one of those who, by their researches, led the way for Harvey, he also was a dove. Lastly—and the Doctor in fine taste always reserved the greatest glory of the dove name for the conclusion of his discourse—lastly, there was Christopher Columbus, whom he used to call his famous namesake. And he never failed to commend Ferdinand Columbus, for the wisdom and piety with which he had commented upon the mystery of the name, to remark that his father had conveyed the grace of the Holy Ghost to the New World, shewing to the people who knew him not, who was God's beloved Son, as the Holy Ghost had done in the figure of a dove at the baptism of St. John, and bearing, like Noah's dove, the olive-branch and the oil of baptism over the waters of the ocean. And what would our onomatologist have said if he had learned to read these words in that curious book of the &c. family, the Oriental fragments of Major Edward Moor: "In respect to St. Columba, or Colomb, and other superstitious names and things in close relationship, I shall have in another place something to say. I shall try to connect *Col-omb* with *Kal-O'm*,—those infinitely mysterious words of Hindu mythology: and with these, divers *mythé*, converging into or diverging from *O'M*—*A U M*, the Irish *Ogham*,—*I A M*,—*Anen*, *IAW*—*Il-Kolmkill*, &c. &c. &c." Surely had the onomatologist lived to read this passage, he would forthwith have opened and corresponded with the benevolent and erudite etceterarist of Bealings. These things were said in his deeper moods. In the days of courtship he had said in song that Venus's car was drawn by doves, regretting at the time that an allusion which came with such peculiar felicity from him, should appear to common readers to mean nothing more than what rhymers from time immemorial had said before him. After marriage he often called Mrs. Dove his turtle; and in his playful humours, when the gracefulness of youth had gradually been superseded by a certain rotundity of form, he sometimes named her *pharra*, his ring-dove. Then he would regret that she had not proved a stock-dove,—and if she frowned at him, or looked grave, she was his pouting pigeon. One inconvenience, however, Mrs. Dove felt from his reverence for the name. He never suffered a pigeon-pie at his table. And when he read that the Samaritans were reproached with retaining a trace of Assyrian superstition, because they held it unlawful to eat this bird, he was from that time inclined to think favourably of the schismatics of Mount Gerizim.

How much reading is lavished upon the following whimsical memoranda on

#### THE ILLUSTRIOUS LETTER!

*The Doctor*, as I have said in the last chapter, pronounced with peculiar emphasis the Christian name of Daniel Defoe. Then taking up the auspicious word—Is there not Daniel the prophet, in honour of whom my baptismal name was given—Daniel, if not the greatest of the prophets, yet for the matter of his prophecies the most important: Daniel the French historian, and Daniel the English poet, who reminds me of other

poets in D not less eminent: Donne, Dodsley, Drayton, Drummond, Douglas the Bishop of Dunkeld, Dunbar, Denham, Davenant, Dyer, Durfey, Dryden, and Stephen Duck; Democritus the wise Abderite, whom I especially honour for finding mirth from philosophy, and joining in delightful matrimony wit with wisdom? Is there not Dollond the optician? Dalember and Diderot among those encyclopedists with whose renown

All Europe rings from side to side, Derham the Astro-Physico—and Christo—Theologian, Dillenius the botanist, Dion who, for his eloquence, was called the golden-mouthed; Diagoras who, boldly despising the false gods of Greece, blindly and audaciously denied the God of Nature. Diocles who invented the cissoid; Deodati, Diodorus and Dion Cassius. Thus rich was the letter D even before the birth of Sir Humphrey Davy, and the catastrophe of Doctor Dodd: before Daniel Mendoza triumphed over Humphreys in the ring, and before Dionysius Lardner, Professor at the St. ——— University of London, projected the Cabinet Cyclopaedia. Daniel O'Connell fought Mr. Peel, triumphed over the Duke of Wellington, bullied the British Government, and changed the British constitution. If we look to the fine arts, he pursued, the names of Douw and Durer, Dolce and Dominichino instantly occur. In my own profession, among the ancients, Dioscorides; among the moderns Dippel, whose marvellous oil is not more exquisitely curious in preparation than powerful in its use; Dover of the powder; Dalby of the carminative; Daffy of the elixir; Deventer, by whom the important art of bringing men into the world has been so greatly improved; Douglas, who has rendered lithotomy so beautiful an operation that he asserteth in his motto it may be done speedily, safely, and pleasantly; Dessault, now rising into fame among the Continental surgeons, and Dimasdale, who is extending the blessings of inoculation. Of persons eminent for virtue or sanctity, who ever in friendship exceeded Damon, the friend of Pythias? Is there not St. John Damascenus, Dr. Doddridge, Deborah, the nurse of Rebekah, who was buried beneath Beth-el under an oak, which was called Allonbachuth, the oak of weeping, and Deborah the wife of Ladiidoth, who dwelt under her palm trees between Ramah and Beth-el in Mount Ephraim, where the children of Israel came up to her for judgment, for she was a mother in Israel; Demas, for whom St. Paul greets the Colossians, and whom he calleth his fellow labourer; and Dorcas, which being interpreted is in Hebrew Tabitha, and in English Doe, who was full of good works and almsdeeds, whom therefore Peter raised from the dead, and whom the Greeks might indeed truly have placed among the *Διευεργόδοτοι*; Daniel, already named, but never to be remembered too often, and Dan the father of his tribe. Grave writers there are, the Doctor would say, who hesitate not to affirm that Dan was the first king of Denmark, more properly called Danmark from his name, and that he instituted there the military order of Dannebrog. With the pretensions of these Danish Antiquaries, he pursued, I meddle not. There is surer authority for the merits of this my first namesake. Dan shall judge his people, as one of the tribes of Israel. Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path, that biteth the horse's heels, so that his rider shall fall backwards." Daniel, quoth the Doctor, is commonly abbreviated into Dan, from whence doubtless it taketh its root; and the Daniel therefore who is not wise as a serpent, falsifieth the promise of the patriarch Jacob. That this should have been the Dan who founded the kingdom of Denmark he deemed an idle fancy. King Dans in that country, however, there have been, and among them was King Dan called Mykelati, or the Magnificent, with whom the Bruna Old, or age of Combustion, ended in the North, and the Hougs Old, or age of barrows, began, for he it was who introduced the custom of interment. But he considered it as indeed an honour to the name, that death should have been called *Δάρος* by the Macedonians, not as a dialectic or provincial form of *Θάνατος*, but from the Hebrew Dan, which signifies, says Jeremy Taylor, a Judge, as intimating that Judges are appointed to give sentence upon criminals in life and death.

To this let us add the

## HISTORY OF PANTALOONS.

It is a tradition in Corsica, that when St. Pantaleon was beheaded, the executioner's sword was converted into a wax taper, and the weapons of all his attendants into snuffers, and that the head rose from the block and sung. In honour of this miracle, the Corsicans, as late as the year 1775, used to have their swords consecrated or charmed, by laying them on the altar while a mass was performed to St. Pantaleon. But what have I, who am writing in January instead of July, and who am no Papist, and who have the happiness of living in a Protestant country, and was baptised, moreover, by a right old English name,—what have I to do with St. Pantaleon? Simply this: my new pantaloons are just come home, and that they derive their name from the aforesaid saint is as certain—as that it was high time I should have a new pair. St. Pantaleon, though the tutelary saint of Oporto (which city boasteth of his relics), was in more especial fashion at Venice; and so many of the grave Venetians were in consequence named after him, that the other Italians called them generally *Pantaloni* in derision—as an Irishman is called Pat, and as Sawney is with us synonymous with Scotchman, or Taffy for a son of Cadwalader and votary of St. David and his leek. Now the Venetians wore long small clothes; these, as being the national dress, were called *Pantaloni* also; and when the trunkhose of Elizabeth's days went out of fashion, we received them from France, with the name of pantaloons. Pantaloons; then, as of Venetian and Magnifico parentage, and under the patronage of an eminent saint, are doubtless an honourable garb. They are also of honourable extraction, being clearly of the Braccie family. For it is this part of our dress by which we are more particularly distinguished from the Oriental and inferior nations, and also from the abominable Romans, whom our ancestors, heaven be praised, subdued. Under the miserable reign of Honorius and Arcadius, these lords of the world thought proper to expel the Braccarii, or breeches-makers, from their capitals, and to prohibit the use of this garment, thinking it a thing unworthy that the Romans should wear the habit of barbarians; and truly it was not fit that so effeminate a race should wear the breeches. The pantaloons are of this good Gothic family. The fashion having been disused for more than a century, was re-introduced some five-and-twenty years ago; and still prevails so much, that I, who like to go with the stream, and am therefore content to have fashions thrust upon me, have just received a new pair from London.

There is some humour in this satire on

## ORTHOGRAPHICAL REFORMS.

Many plans have been proposed for reducing our orthography to some regular system, and improving our language in various ways. Mr. Elphinstone, Mr. Pinkerton, and Mr. Spence, the founder of the Spencean Philanthropists, have distinguished themselves in these useful and patriotic projects, and Mr. Pytches is at present in like manner laudably employed,—though that gentleman contents himself with reforming what these bolder spirits would revolutionize. I also would fain contribute to so desirable an end. We agree that in spelling words it is proper to discard all reference to their etymology. The political reformer would confine the attention of the Government exclusively to what are called truly British objects; and the philological reformers in like manner are desirous of establishing a truly British language. Upon this principle, I would anglicize the orthography of *chemise*; and by improving upon the hint which the word would then offer in its English appearance, we might introduce into our language a distinction of genders—in which it has hitherto been defective. For example,

Hemise and Shemise.  
Here without the use of an article, or any change of termination we have the needful distinction made more perspicuously than by *o* and *y*, *hie* and *hwe*, *le* and *la*, or other articles serving for no other purpose. Again. In letter-writing, every person knows that male and female letters have a distinct sexual character, they should therefore be generally distinguished thus,

Hepistle and Shepistle.

And as there is the same marked difference in the writing of the two sexes I would propose  
Penmanship and Penwomanship.



Erroneous opinions in religion being promulgated in this country by women as well as men, the teachers of such false doctrines may be divided into

Heresiarchs and Sheresiarchs,

so that we should speak of  
the Heresy of the Quakers,  
the Sheresy of Joanna Southcote's people.

The troublesome affection of the diaphragm, which every person has experienced, is upon the same principle to be called, according to the sex of the patient,

Hecups or Shecups

which upon the principle of making our language truly British is better than the more classical form of

Hiccups and Hæcups

In its objective use the words become

Hiscups or Hercups;

and in like manner Histerics should be altered into Herterics, the complaint never being masculine. So also instead of making such words as agreeable, comfortable, &c. adjectives of one termination, I would propose

Masculine agreeable,	Feminine agreeable
comfortableau	comfortabelle
miserableau	miserabelle,
	&c. &c.

These things are suggested as hints to Mr. Pytches, to be by him prepended in his improvement of our Dictionary. I beg also to point out for his critical notice the remarkable difference in the meaning of the word misfortune, as applied to man, woman, or child; a peculiarity for which, perhaps, no parallel is to be found in any other language. But to return from these philological speculations to the Anti-Jacobin by whom we have been led to them, how is it that this critic, great master as he is of the vulgar tongue, should affirm that breeches is the only word by which this part of a man's dress can be expressed? Had he forgotten that there was such a word as galligaskins?—to say nothing of inexpressibles and dont-mention-ems. Why also did he omit pantaloons?—and thus the Chapter like a rondeau comes round to St. Pantaleon with whom it began.

*Sancte Pantaleon, ora pro nobis!*

Admirable, too, is this

#### ESSAY ON STYLES.

Authors are often classed, like painters, according to the school in which they have been trained, or to which they have attached themselves. But it is not so easy to ascertain this in literature as it is in painting; and if some of the critics who have thus endeavoured to class them, were sent to school themselves and there whipt into a little more learning, so many silly classifications of this kind would not mislead those readers who suppose, in the simplicity of their own good faith, that no man presumes to write upon a subject which he does not understand. Styles may with more accuracy be classed, and for this purpose metals might be used in literature as they are in heraldry. We might speak of the golden style, the silver, the iron, the leaden, the pinchbeck, and the bronze. Others there are which cannot be brought under any of these appellations. There is the Cyclopean style, of which Johnson is the great example; the sparkling, or micacious, possessed by Hazlitt, and much affected in Reviews and Magazines; the oleaginous, in which Mr. Charles Butler bears the palm, or more appropriately the olive-branch; the fulminating—which is Walter Landor's, whose conversation has been compared to thunder and lightning; the impenetrable—which is sometimes used by Mr. Coleridge; and the Jeremy-Benthamite, which cannot with propriety be distinguished by any other name than one derived from its unparalleled and unparalleled author.

"Ex stilo," says Erasmus, "perpendimus ingenium ejusque, omnemque mentis habitum ex ipsa dictionis ratione conjectamus. Est enim tumidi, stilus turgidus; abjecti, humilis, exanguis; asperi scaber; amarulenti, tristic ac maledicus; delictis affluentis, picturatus ac dissolutus. Breviter, omne vite simulacrum, omnis animi vis, in oratione perinde ut in speculo representatur, ac vel intima pectoris, arcanis quibusdam vestigiis, deprehenduntur." There is the lean style, of which Nathaniel Lardner and William Coxé may be held up as examples; and there is the larded one, exemplified in Bishop Andrews, and in Burton the Anatomist of Melancholy; Jeremy

Taylor's is both a flowery and a fruitful style; Harvey the Meditationist's a weedy one. There are the hard and dry; the weak and watery; the manly and the womanly; the juvenile and the anile: the round and the pointed; the flashy and the fiery; the lucid and the opaque; the luminous and the tenebrous; the continuous and the disjointed. The washy and the slap-dash are both much in vogue, especially in magazines and reviews; so are the barbed and venomous. The High Slang style is exhibited in the *Court Journal*, and in Mr. Colburn's novels; the Low Slang in *Tom and Jerry*, *Bell's Life in London*, and most magazines, those especially which are of most pretensions. The fatulent style, the feverish, the anguish, and the atrabilious, are all as common as the diseases of body from which they take their name, and of mind in which they originate; and not less common than either is the dyspeptic style, proceeding from a weakness in the digestive faculty. Learned, or if not learned, dear reader, I had much to say of style; but the under-written passage from that beautiful book, Xenophon's *Memorabilia Socratis*, has induced me, as the Latins say, *stilum vertere*, and to erase a paragraph written with ink, in which the gall predominated.

In conclusion, take a specimen of his graver manner:—

#### THE DOCTOR ON UGLINESS.

Some ill, he thought, was produced in human affairs by applying the term unfortunate to circumstances which were brought about by imprudence. A man was unfortunate, if being thrown from his horse on a journey, he broke arm or leg, but not if he broke his neck in steeple-hunting, or when in full cry after a fox; if he were impoverished by the misconduct of others, not if he were ruined by his own folly and extravagance; if he suffered in any way by the villany of another, not if he were transported, or hanged for his own. Neither would he allow that either man or woman could with propriety be called, as we not unfrequently hear in common speech, *unfortunately* ugly. *Wickedly* ugly, he said, they might be, and too often were; and in such cases the greater their pretensions to beauty, the uglier they were. But goodness has a beauty of its own, which is not dependent upon form and features, and which makes itself felt and acknowledged, however otherwise ill-flavoured the face may be in which it is set.

The season has not produced a book so peculiarly its own as this.

#### JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

Héva. By M. MERY.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

After many perils, and much suffering, the two European adventurers succeed in regaining the once brilliant *chatteram* of Mounoussamy, but his widow has already been removed to the house of her brother-in-law at Madras; and, private business requiring the departure of Sir Edward for the coast, Gabriel finds himself alone in the lakes Villa, with the exception of the servants, left there to attend him. Here is a charming picture of

#### AN INDIAN HABITATION.

All around him he remarked the delicious negligence, and the charmingly capricious tastes which revealed the late inhabitation of Héva; her tame lori, which was expanding its painted wings on its perch of maple-wood, deceived by the glittering objects to which its eye had been long accustomed, gave forth its joyous song, and bent its head gracefully to invite a kiss from the coral lips of its mistress. On every side were strewn a brilliant confusion of those elegant trifles which embalm the hands of a woman; screens behind which were fluttering birds of brilliant plumage, imprisoned in a Chinese *Shiosque*; fragments of embroidery carelessly flung aside; a Japanese vase, upon whose cover a sportive hand had tied a knot of ribbons to the venerable hand of Brahma; richly-cut crystal bowls, from which the faded tulips were now drooping colourless and flaccid; and, finally, a chess-board, upon which the men had been overturned in a moment of girlish pique at a too precocious *check*. The hand of Héva was every where; and, although absent, she still inhabited her dwelling.



Here is also a glorious creation, or an exquisite description of

AN INDIAN LANDSCAPE.

The sun had not yet risen, but the whole scene was already inundated with the light which precedes his coming, in the eastern horizon. Far in the distance might be seen gliding rapidly along upon the outskirts of the forests, or in the depths of the valleys, the terrific forms of the wild animals, which, gorged with blood, were hastening to regain their dens, as though nature had forbidden them to trouble by their presence the calm serenity of the rising sun. Gigantic trees, scattered in countless numbers over a limitless plain, looked like courtiers awaiting, motionless and silent, the coming of their king; while in some of its marvellous aspects, the landscape resembled a fair woman adorning herself to receive her bridegroom; she unrolled her tresses of ivory-like rice-fields; she wound about her throat a bright and tortuous river as it were a necklace of silver; she called forth from a gorge which divided two lovely hills, a cluster of gorgeous aloes to form her bridal bouquet; and she draped herself in the glory of a stretch of turf crowded with blossoms, as with a robe of flowered cachemire. When the sun, which has risen without weariness, for six thousand years, to enjoy in his solitary majesty this unfrequented and sublime landscape; when the radiant bridegroom of this matchless scene of nature revealed himself upon the summit of the blue mountain, like an eye of gold opening suddenly in the forehead of a giant, every object seemed to tremble in the embrace of heaven; and a harmony, composed of all the voices which are heard among the leaves of the tall trees, upon the rippling tide of the rivers, in the rushing of the waterfalls, in the song of the wild birds, in the bounding of the torrents, in the petals of the flowers, in the bosoms of the valleys, and on the crests of the swelling hills, burst forth, like the first hymn which was awakened at the dawn of the creation.

We cannot resist the transcription of another extract which we have marked; and we are the more anxious to introduce it to our readers, as it will afford them an admirable opportunity of estimating the extent of M. MERRY'S observation of the brute creation in their savage state. We have seen, in the Elephant Hunt of the "Florida," the social feeling which exists in that colossal commonwealth, and the unwearied watch which those huge beasts keep over their dead. We shall now be enabled to form an estimate of the less generous and ungregarious tiger. We are not about to commend the snaring expedition which will afford us this facility, for we are too good sportsmen at heart not to desire a fair field; but we presume that the impulse must excuse the act. Thus much, then, by way of preface. The two Indians, accused by the brother of Mounoussamy of treason towards their host, conceal themselves to evade the grasp of the law, and twelve months have scarcely elapsed since the catastrophe of the Gouroul, ere Gabriel discovers that he cannot live beyond the atmosphere of the beautiful young widow. It is evident that Héva has not, on her side, overlooked the merits of the handsome Frenchman, but she still weeps over the memory of her lost husband, and he has no hope of success, until, in a moment of excitement, she vows to give herself to the man who shall go alone to the mouth of the defiles of Ravenna, and destroy during one night sixteen tigers to make a carpet, upon which she may tread incessantly, and thus avenge the death of Mounoussamy. Sixteen tigers to be slain in one night! The labours of Hercules were pleasant pastime to such a task; and for a few hours Gabriel despairs: but Sir Edward, the man of expedients, is beside him: and it is decided that an iron cage shall be constructed, from which Gabriel shall make war upon the innocent and unsuspecting denizens of the defiles. This is done in all secrecy by the baronet, while Gabriel remains tranquilly at the *chatram* with Héva; and the night arrives, too tardily for the wishes of the lover, on which he is to execute his formidable task. Sir Edward has engaged to go first to the scene of action,

and to secure the cage, which is to be drawn to the valley in a waggon impelled by two oxen, which are afterwards to be slain at nightfall, in order to attract the tigers. A red flag, hoisted on a palm-tree, is to be the signal that all is prepared, after which the men who have driven the waggon are to be dismissed to their homes, ignorant of the purpose for which the iron fortress is designed.

TIGER SNARING.

At the appointed day and hour Gabriel arrived at the rendezvous; and his first glance towards the palm-trees scattered over the desert, revealed to him the red flag. In a few instants he alighted from his horse, and pressed the hand of his friend. Sir Edward had just sent back the three stupid Indians whom he had brought from Madras to assist him in securing the cage; and, on the arrival of Gabriel, all was ready. "My Chinese workman has produced a masterpiece," said Klerbbs, pointing to the fearful den, "and has even improved upon my plan. The cage is eighteen feet in circumference, and the spikes by which it is covered are, as you see, mixed with tongues of jagged iron. By standing in the centre, you will be beyond reach of the longest claws, even supposing that any devilish paw could be introduced though this *chevaux de frize*, which is impossible. Here are your rifles all lying together. Their loading would bring down a rhinoceros, and they are ready to your hand. At eight o'clock you will have a quarter of an hour's moonlight, which will suffice. See how solidly your citadel is seated; it is as though it were built upon a rock; an assault from all the tigers in Bengal could not move it. \* \* \* Remark how well the spot is chosen: a vast and desert plain terminating in a ridge of dark rocks. The tiger-club is established just there, in some enormous ravines caused by a volcanic explosion. And now, good sport and good courage to you, Gabriel; I will be here to deliver you three hours after dawn."

When the sound of his horse's feet had died away, and that Sir Edward had indeed departed, the solitude became silent and menacing around Gabriel. He watched the sun as it slowly descended the horizon towards the purple vapours amid which it was to disappear, until he began to believe that it lingered more than usual; but eventually, as the most anxiously-awaited night must come at last, the last beam of twilight faded from the summit of the lofty palm-trees, and Gabriel experienced the awe which chills the strongest heart on the eve of a fearful struggle. The two oxen were lying upon the ground, mortally wounded, and their low of agony already re-echoed through the desert. When the risen stars at length announced to the Asiatic monsters that the earth was once more their own, there awoke, amid the distant rocks, a harsh roar which betrayed that the odour of newly-spilled blood had been wafted by the lake-breeze to the nostrils of the desert beasts. The festival was ample, and the guests soon arrived; the Amphitryon meanwhile stood erect within his fortress, and, with a double-barrelled rifle in his hand. Two black tigers, which seemed to have fallen from the sky like meteors, flung themselves simultaneously upon one of the oxen, and suddenly raised their bloody jaws in defiance on detecting the slight noise made by the hunter in taking aim through the grating. At the same moment other striped tigers bounded through the shadows, with flashing eyes, and stopped abruptly, like horses on the edge of a perpendicular precipice, within twenty paces of the cage; while, flung back upon their haunches, their chests exposed, their ears laid back, and their heads alternately motionless, and jerked violently forward, they examined this colossal hedge-hog, bristling and immobile in the midst of the desert; this enemy foreign to their experience, to their family traditions, and to their instinct. The most famished among them abandoned the solution of the enigma, and threw themselves in their turn upon the oxen, contending with their neighbours with teeth and claws for their share of the savoury flesh which they felt expire under their bite, with hoarse spasms of rage and enjoyment. Gabriel had over-estimated his courage. The bravest man is subject to attacks of nervous fear which he cannot suppress, and which make him tremble at times like a coward. Night brings in its train terrors which are in themselves formidable to ardent imaginations, even where no danger exists; and now the blood-choked roar of all these desert-monsters seemed to rend the chest of

Gabriel, and to vibrate through his vitals like a storm of brass; he appeared to be listening to a symphony composed of all the notes which grate upon the epidermis like blades of steel, and make the nerves shiver. The air seemed to throw towards him the teeth and claws of the tigers; and in the delirium of his terror, the wretched young man attacked the iron barrier which saved him from instant destruction. In moments such as these there is nothing save a paroxysm of over-excited rage which can restore at once sanity and courage. Gabriel shouted at the pitch of his voice like one who strives thoroughly to awaken from a frightful dream, and fired off both barrels of his carbine. A deep silence instantly succeeded; and the animals squatted in a circle, remained motionless, like the sphynx in the avenue of the temple of Karnak; while nothing was audible save the monotonous hum of the insect, which, concealed beneath a neighbouring bush, murmured its hymn to the splendour of night, diabolical alike of man and of the tiger. The flash and the report suspended the feast for a few instants, as well as the fury of the beasts. The two dead members of the family who lay stretched on the earth before them, produced no effect upon their survivors; and when two more barrels were discharged, they only replied, after a moment of hesitation, by a general assault, as though their operations had been pre-arranged. They flung themselves headlong against the insolent enemy which had dared, even upon their own domains, to dispute with them the rich prey upon which they were feasting; but repulsed on every side by the projecting blades of iron, more solid than their own teeth and claws, they fell back, writhing furiously, gnashing their cavernous jaws, and roaring with mad rage. The wounds which they had received only irritated them the more against their immovable iron adversary; and at intervals Gabriel appeared to be standing in a kiosque hung with tiger's heads, heads swollen with fury, monstrous, bloody, illuminated by two carbuncles, and scattering around them a cloud of stars as the heated iron does beneath the hammer. He shuddered fearfully from time to time also as he felt the soft extremity of a tiger's tail sweep across his face, which had been boldly thrust through the grating; for he felt for an instant as though a breach had been made in his citadel, and that cage and tenant alike were about to be ground in the jaws of the desert monsters.

At this phase of the unheard of drama, Gabriel, like the brave but unaccustomed sailor, who shudders at the first broadside and smiles at the second, had recovered all his presence of mind. He fired rapidly without counting his shots; and he soon found that the discouragement existed on the side of his adversaries. The tigers began to tremble in their turn, as though they had discovered that they were struggling in vain against a superior power. Already a few of the most subtle were retreating slowly towards their native mountains, turning, however, from time to time, to utter a howl of impotent defiance at the bloody arena whence they were compelled to withdraw; while the wounded dragged themselves towards a thicket of nopals, among which they partially concealed themselves, stretching their long bodies, and with their right paws wiping from their lips a saliva mixed with red froth, and applying it to their smarting wounds upon their noses and foreheads. Others, without doubt the most untractable among them, still swallowed fragments of beef, quenching their thirst in a pool of blood, and replying by a harsh roar to every shot which failed to reach them; resolving not to separate themselves, although satisfied, from their half devoured prey; with their two fore-claws fastened upon the throat of the ox, their teeth clutching its horns, their backs quivering, and their hides erect, they dragged along the ground, the remains of the feast, like prudent revellers, who, surprised by a thunderstorm in the midst of a repast in the open air, carry away with them the remains of the edibles to satisfy the wants of the morrow.

At length Gabriel had time to breathe. He no longer heard, save from a safe distance, the fearful roaring of the scattered foe, like the faint and expiring echoes which announce the termination of a tempest, and bring hope to the labourer. Gabriel nevertheless reloaded all his fire-arms, for he feared before the dawn he might have to contend against a new army of tigers recruited in the mountains. Fortunately, however, all was over; or the hunter might have sunk under the emotion of a second assault. So soon as it was light he read with pride the bulletin of his victory. Sixteen tigers

were lying dead, with their noses and claws still turned towards the cage, like brave soldiers who had fallen while facing the enemy. Numerous pools of blood, here and there stagnant, attested the severity of the wounds which they had carried to their dens. The oxen had disappeared, but Gabriel could still discern the track of their huge skeletons, dragged by a savage team. The gratings were stained with huge red patches, and several of the spikes had bent beneath the furious onslaught of his assailants. \* \* \* A few white-headed hawks planed, as the sun rose, over the scene of carnage, but Gabriel did not condescend to fire one shot at them. At length Sir Edward arrived, bringing with him a second horse for the conqueror, and as he descended the mountain-path, his pantomime was more eloquent than words; "My friend," he shouted, so soon as he could be heard; "You have richly won your happiness—Héva is yours!"

#### JOURNAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

*Reisen in Dänemark.* Von J. KOHL. Leipsic.

*Travels in Denmark.* By J. KOHL.

THE new volume of this indefatigable traveller is now before us. We take at present only a single chapter, but it is one of great interest, slightly abridging it to suit our limits. Perhaps hereafter we may glean a few miscellaneous passages.

#### THE THORWALDSEN MUSEUM, COPENHAGEN.

Amongst the objects which now-a-days attract those who travel for instruction and intellectual gratification to Copenhagen, the Thorwaldsen Museum and the collections of the Scandinavian antiquarians hold the first place. The building which is destined for the reception of the Thorwaldsen collection forms a parallelogram surrounding an oblong court. It is somewhat in the Egyptian style, and looks half like a Mausoleum, half like a hall of art. The principal entrance leads into a great chamber intended for equestrian statues and other large works of the sculptor. The building has two stories, round each of which is a row of small chambers wherein statues and groups are meant to be placed. In the middle of the court is a tomb where the remains of the great artist will repose. This interior space is planned after the model of an ancient race-course, in which Thorwaldsen's monument is as it were the winning post, which those in search of skill and fame strive to reach. Upon the walls are represented numerous figures striving in the race. Some fall on the way, some hold back, some victoriously approach the goal and appear already crowned with laurel. All this, methinks, is highly poetical, and the idea of the whole excellently wrought out. The tone of colour on the walls is dark, and the figures have a brown, leathery hue. Such sombre colours are certainly not very pleasing, but in a building designed partly as a mausoleum it is pardonable. The figures representing geniuses are not done with the pencil, but consist of a species of mosaic work. The wall was first covered with a black substance in which the figures were cut, and when that was done a yellow matter was laid in the hollow parts and the whole polished.

At the period of my visit the tomb was just completed. The interior was painted with the colour of the friendly Forget-me-not, and on the walls bloom those flowers which the angels of Raphael bear towards the dead, white lilies. When every thing is finished the body of the artist which now lies in a chapel of the Ladies Church will be removed hither, and a reposing lion cut in marble will close the opening. Thorwaldsen was compared in his lifetime to a lion, not only on account of his intellectual power, but of his personal appearance as well. His head was large, and his long locks fell from it like a mane. His bust was like that of Jupiter Tonans, with whose front that of a lion was often present to the imagination of the Greek artists. I could not look upon his grave without thinking of his life, which, like his personal appearance, seemed to be a picture out of ancient times. For more than half a century he lived in the loveliest part of the globe, Italy,—alone with the gods, but keeping up an intercourse with kings and great spirits. He incorporated his thoughts and feelings with the most durable materials, marble and brass, which will bear witness of him for centuries to come. His travels were triumphal progresses, those of an intellectual

king. And after he had filled the world with his fame and his beautiful works he returned, shortly before his death, to his own country where his spirit left him, without a struggle with its earthy covering, in a temple of art, the Theatre of Copenhagen, the spot where he first saw the light. Honoured by his father-land, honoured by the whole civilized world, he will now rest here amidst his works.

Beautiful as is the conception of the museum, the execution has been much censured, and all voices are agreed on this, that it has an unfortunate situation. It stands behind the royal palace of Christiansburg, with which it seems to be connected like a back building, and yet, neither in their style nor in their arrangement, is there any harmony. The palace is in the French-Italian style, the museum, as we said before, is in the Egyptian, and the purposes of a regal castle have no relation to those of a triumphal and a monumental temple. For an edifice of such a peculiar character they might surely have discovered a suitable situation, which it alone should have occupied—a hill in a beech forest on the Sound near Copenhagen, for example. There it would have had a neighbourhood truly national. Every Danish ship that passes along the Sound, the great artery of Danish existence, would have greeted it; and the vessels of foreign nations, which are ever sailing there, would have seen it and done homage to the manes of the man as they floated by. There it would have occupied a situation similar to the German Pantheon near Ratisbon, on the Danube. However, it is in vain to wish things undone that are done. The angels that removed the house from Loretto will not trouble themselves about the Thorwaldsen Museum. If the Danes and Swedes should ever adopt the idea of building a pantheon to Scandinavian fame, there is a magnificent spot for the Walhalla on a little island in the midst of the Sound: Tycho Brahe had his observatory upon it, and it is visible from many points of the Danish and Swedish coasts.

Thorwaldsen presented his country with all his treasures of art, which consisted, not only of his own works, but of many antiquities and works of art which he had collected during his life—coins, gems, medals, and pictures of living artists. His own sculptures are widely scattered, principally, however, in Denmark, Germany, Italy, and Poland; and it is a matter of difficulty to obtain originals of any but minor pieces. They have endeavoured to obtain a complete collection of casts, and yet this is unattainable, for many works are buried in private houses, country mansions, &c. He was incredibly productive. New ideas rushed upon him, and he modelled with extraordinary rapidity. The clay swelled beneath his hands, and quietly grew into beautiful and expressive forms. There is no sculptor who has left behind him more original works. It is natural that Copenhagen should have much to say in praise of her dead artist; and before strangers who go thither to see the remarkable things of the country he is a common topic of conversation. Anecdotes pass from mouth to mouth, and amongst those that came to my ears the following was one that interested me much. Like all great artists, Thorwaldsen did not seek for the true and the beautiful in the remote. He ever found them near him, as Raphael found his Madonna at the village fair. The idea of his exquisite Herdsboy Resting he met with in this way. The young Roman, who sat to him as a model for his Mercury, was one day tired of the position which he had maintained for some time, and besought the sculptor to let him rest, and permission was given him. He thereupon changed his attitude, and sat down upon the pedestal upon which he had previously stood. His expanded muscles now relaxed, and his artistical figure fell into a natural posture of negligent ease. One leg hung down on the slope of the wood scaffold, whilst he supported his right arm with a staff; the other leg, which had pained him in some degree, he drew upon the pedestal, and embraced it below the knee with his left hand. The natural attitude at once caught Thorwaldsen's attention, and he bade the boy keep it for a few moments whilst he modelled on the spot his charming Herdsboy on the Rock.

He has repeated several of his works many times; for instance, his "Alexander's March," of which there are here four copies of different sizes. It afforded me great pleasure to compare these copies with each other, that I might, by noting their differences, trace out the ideas which had guided the artist. In one we see Alexander standing in his car of victory, looking down upon his horses prancing before him, as if he

enjoyed their wild movements, and was thinking of his own triumphal progress. In another, he looks up to Heaven, as if he addressed his father, Jupiter—Dost thou see the triumph of thy son? Amongst the artists and learned men who follow, is Thorwaldsen's own figure, and to this he has given a different attitude in the several copies. There are other works which he frequently repeated; thus, "the Horse of Poniatowsky," "the Angel with the Baptismal Cup," for the Ladies' Church, the group of "the Graces embracing," have been cut many times, and always with variation. All these attempts to express his ideas are given here, so that opportunities for interesting comparisons are afforded. The exquisite bas-relief of "Hector reproaching the effeminate Paris in the presence of Helen," was executed twice; in one, there are two persons; in the other, five.

One of the most difficult tasks which Thorwaldsen undertook in his "Alexander's March" was, no doubt, the connection and combination of the several groups so as to form a whole, and then the variation in the attitudes of single figures. The performance has certainly a unity in the meeting of the triumphing king and his warriors, with the advancing goddess of peace, and the conquered Babylonians. But because the principal scene in a work like this, intended to go round the interior of a room like an arabesque, and to be of the same width throughout, could not be very prominent, the artist was compelled to seek out several minor scenes, which would excite interest at various points of the work, and form groups complete in themselves. Now as the whole was nothing more than two processions moving from different quarters to the same point, this was not very easy to accomplish. The cavalry that follows the triumphal car gave him the least difficulty. The horses, spirited and restless animals, shew themselves, and their riders advance in manifold attitudes. One walks quietly forward, another is just meditating a rear; a third his rider arouses with the spur; a fourth can scarcely be kept in. Here a horseman angrily calls to the man before him to make way; there a rider turns round with an air of curiosity to look at a man behind him, whose steed gives him some trouble to manage, and an opportunity is taken to model the face of the one and the back of the other. The infantry yielded much less than the cavalry to the purposes of the sculptor, for in the one little variation is possible beyond the differences in the position of spear and shield, whilst the other presents a highly picturesque diversity. Thorwaldsen has, therefore, reduced the whole infantry to six men, the cavalry numbering fifteen. The two bodies are connected in an artful manner; the last horseman turns round on his horse, and shouts something to the foot, of whom three are in the attitude of listeners. No animal is represented more frequently than the horse; first, there are the four steeds in the chariot, then Bucephalus, then the horses of the captains and the cavalry, then eight which are brought as presents to Alexander. Only one elephant is introduced, for these animals are too awkward for the sculptor. There is also a lion, and a tiger. These royal beasts afford noble subjects to the artist when they are in a state of freedom, but they cut a sorry figure in chains; whilst the horse reduced to obedience delights us, notwithstanding his bit and bridle. I was astonished to find that no cattle such as sculptors are not displeased to represent are given in the whole piece; and still more that the herds of sheep, which are very difficult to group, and always bestow an air of uniformity, are nearly two ells long. Perhaps the artist made use of them in order to soften the wild effect of his tumultuous horses. It is a pity that Thorwaldsen never had the opportunity of beholding the march of a victorious general returning homewards, such as Captain von Orlich describes in his oriental travels, when he witnessed the army of the English Governor-General on returning from the further side of the Indus. He would certainly have drawn many interesting ideas from such a sight. One of the most original conceptions in the piece is the angler, whom the artist has put so prominently forward that it is plain he was intended for a principal figure. He forms a noble contrast to the royal Alexander. He sits there rejoicing over the little fish he has drawn out of the water, just as Alexander rejoiced over the city with a hundred gates which he had caught in the bloody streams of battle. The angler quietly follows his employment, uncaring whether Darius still sat on his throne, or whether the son of Jupiter Ammon dealt out wrath and grace in his kingdom.



Thorwaldsen's genius was highly comprehensive, open to all impulses of which the human mind is capable. It was earnest and sportive, powerful and graceful, sublime and child-like. He has brought before us Alexander in triumph, and other great heroes (Poniatowsky, Jason, Mars) in works of great power; and he has, by his charming bas-relief "Christmas in Heaven," where we have numerous amourettes sporting, drinking, grape-pressing, whirling, fluttering, dancing, as well as angels floating, singing and musicaling, convincingly proved how fully he understood the loving and the child-like. When I compare these two classes of his works, I think of those mighty heroes who were the terror of their foes in battle, and yet could join heartily in the games of children. In his "Baptism of Christ," his "John the Baptist," "The Apostles," the "Christ Blessing Children," and the "Christ as a Teacher," one perceives how grandly and deeply he had caught the spirit of Christianity. In numberless other works one sees in what manner he at the same time understood the meaning of the Greek myths. To none of them did he pay more homage than to Cupid, and the majority of his works are of the anacreontic kind. I have only seen twenty of them in which Cupid is the leading character; and in surveying these erotic compositions, we fancy we see in marble the very things that Anacreon has put on paper. Thorwaldsen must have taken some hints from the Greek poet, and he has once represented him in the society of his favourite Cupid.

The attractions of Copenhagen were very many for me; yet I do not know that any remembrance is more cherished than that of Thorwaldsen's creations. Art has greater command over us than science and investigation; and Thorwaldsen was a true poet. He has not only charmingly reproduced the fables of old, but, like the Greek poets, he has invented new stories. We may instance his "Cupid and Hymen spinning the Thread of Life," which is a real and charming invention. His "Course of Human Life" is another. My readers must suffer me to describe this exquisite poem. It is an oblong bas-relief, at the beginning of which stands a basket of lively infant Cupids; a little boy and a growing girl are standing by, and, moved by curiosity, are lifting up the coverlet. One of the youngsters in the basket presses through an aperture and quietly gazes at the girl. She looks at him with an air of wonderment, and instinctively, but with awkwardness, catches at him, not knowing exactly what he is, but he keeps his arms folded. On the other side of the basket Psyche is sitting, and by her is a little maiden. Psyche has thrown her left arm over the basket as if she would take possession of all those pretty little Demons for herself and her playmate. With her right hand she holds one of them on high, who stretches out his hands towards her companion. The girl sits on the ground, as girls do when they wish to entice children to them, and calls him to her bosom with an alluring smile. After a while we see a betrothed one who is ardently kissing her Cupid. Further on we have a married pair in the midst of the difficulties and labours of humble life. The husband, wearied with his work, has sat down and fallen asleep, his hand supporting his head. His Cupid has seated himself on his neck, but appears to disturb him no more than if a fly had perched itself on his shoulder. His wife stands before him, having just come in from the market, and she has seized her Cupid by the wings in the way that a bird is taken hold of. Its arms and legs hang loosely downward and dangle on her apron. A feeble old man with a bald crown terminates the story. He wishes to have his former years back again, and looks with longing on the days of his youth. He turns his countenance towards the rest, and stretches out his arms to his Cupid, who flies from him with a mocking countenance.

The poems of the sculptor are short, compact, and laconic. Whilst the painter and the writer may lavish colours and words, the sculptor cannot afford a prodigal expenditure. A movement, an attitude, a situation, must here express a great deal, and what they may diffusely unfold, he can only indicate. The works of the statuary are like the Latin sentences of the lapidary, cut in the rock to last for ever. If a poet took night for his theme, he might call in to his assistance the stars, the moon, the fields, the still air, the wild beasts of the wood, to give us an impression of the hours of darkness. But what does Thorwaldsen, the sculptor? He shapes a single form, hovering with closed eyes in empty space; two sleeping chil-

dren are in her bosom, and her feet are crossed after the manner of slumberers. Of the manifold shapes of night there is only one, an owl. No stars, no fire, no dark shadows, no effects of light, with which the painter might freely deal. Yet the whole is highly impressive, and no less valuable to the lover of night than a chapter of Young's poem. It is not every thing which is pictorial that is fitted for the sculptor. Both arts have their peculiar objects and treatment. Truly sculptural is Thorwaldsen's "Psyche about to open Pandora's box." She is an innocent maiden; the box is in one hand, the finger of the other is on the lid. She is full of anticipation, half alarmed, half encouraged, by joyful hopes. About her feet and legs—and here one especially discovers the sculptor—a garment has got twisted in such a way that she seems altogether enveloped in it, and cannot move forward. This invention of the artist gives a chrysalis appearance to the form. She seems a butterfly yet in the pupa, that will unfold its wings and flutter along the dangerous path of life.

It is intended to have casts taken for sale of all Thorwaldsen's works, under the superintendence of the curators of the museum. A number of small copies of his great works have been made, so that a good collection may be formed at a moderate price, and the lovers of art in distant lands may possess, without difficulty, a Thorwaldsen museum in miniature.

### JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

*The Horse and his Rider: or Sketches and Anecdotes of the noble Quadruped, and of Equestrian Nations.* By ROLLO SPRINGFIELD. London, 1847. Chapman and Hall.

HISTORY does not inform us in what country the horse was first domesticated, nor when he was first subjected to bit and bridle. We know only that the Greeks rode without either saddle or bridle, guiding their horses with the voice or hand, or with a light switch, by a touch on the side of the face opposite to that in which they desired him to turn. They stopped him by touching the muzzle, and urged him forward with the heel.

The ancient heroes leapt upon the backs of their horses; some had a loop upon their spears to help them in mounting. Both in Greece and Rome, the magistracy were bound to see blocks for mounting placed in all the highways. The great borrowed the backs of their slaves. Finikin people, who could not command such costly helps, carried about with them a light ladder.

The first distinct notice of the saddle occurs in A.D. 385, in an edict of the Emperor THEODOSIUS, from which we learn, that persons hiring post horses provided their own saddles, for the traveller was by the edict directed not to use a saddle weighing more than sixty pounds.

Horse-shoeing was not practised for many centuries after the horse himself was in general use, nor were shoes necessary till hard roads were introduced. The first shoe was a sort of sandal of matting, or leather. They were not put on during the whole journey, but only at particular places, where the road was very bad.

With a sketch of the history of the horse, in which the above are the most curious facts, does Mr. SPRINGFIELD open his collection of anecdotes relating to the Horse and his Riders, and ending it with an exclamation of surprise that man should remain for centuries on the verge of useful discoveries, without inventing them. He subjoins, as an illustration, the following

#### CHARADE.

By THE HON. CHARLES JAMES FOX.

Inscribed on many a learned page,  
In mystic characters and sage,  
Long time my first has stood;  
And though its golden age be past,  
In wooden walls it yet may last,  
Till clothed in flesh and blood.

My second is a welcome prize  
For those who love their curious eyes  
With foreign sights to pamper;  
But should it chance their gaze to meet,  
*Al improvise*, in the street,  
Oh! how 't would make them scamper!

My third's a kind of wandering throne,  
To woman limited alone,  
The Salique law reversing;  
But when the imaginary queen  
Prepares to act this novel scene,  
Her royal part rehearsing;  
O'erturning her presumptuous plan,  
Up jumps the old usurper—Man.

We have extracted this to exercise the wits of our readers, ignorant ourselves of its explication.

The form of the horse is next considered. Mr. YOUATT considers that the best description ever written is that by VARRO:—

"We may prognosticate great things of a colt," he says, "if, when running in the pastures, he is ambitious to get before his companions, and if, on coming to a river, he strives to be the first to plunge into it. His head should be small, his limbs clean and compact, his eyes bright and sparkling, his nostrils open and large, his ears placed near each other, his mane strong and full, his chest broad, his shoulders flat and sloping backwards, his loins broad and strong, his tail full and bushy, his legs straight and even, his knees broad and well knit, his hoofs hard and tough, and his veins large and swelling over all his body."

There is as much of truth as of beauty in the description by BARRY CORNWALL of

#### THE BLOOD HORSE.

Gamarra is a noble steed;  
Strong, black, and of the desert breed;  
Full of fire, and full of bone;  
All his line of fathers known;  
Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,  
But blown abroad by the pride within!  
His mane, a stormy river flowing;  
And his eyes like embers glowing  
In the darkness of the night;  
And his pace as swift as light.

Look,—around his straining throat  
Grace and shifting beauty float!  
Sinewy strength is on his reins,  
And the red blood gallops through his veins;  
Richer, redder, never ran  
Through the boasting heart of man!  
He can trace his lineage higher  
Than the Bourbon dare aspire,  
Douglas, Guzman, or the Guelph,  
Or O'Brien's blood itself.

He, who hath no peer, was born  
Here, upon a red March morn:  
But his famous fathers dead  
Were Arabs all, and Arab bred;  
And the last of that great line  
Trod like one of race divine!

And yet,—he was but friend to one  
Who fed him at the set of sun,  
By some lone fountain fringed with green:  
With him,—a roving Bedouin,  
He lived (none else would he obey  
Through all the hot Arabian day),  
And died, untamed, upon the sands  
Where Balch amidst the desert stands!

Among the most interesting of the breeds of ponies is

#### THE SUDEROE PONY.

In Suderoe, one of the Feroe islands, they have a lighter and swifter breed than in any of the rest. On their backs the inhabitants pursue the sheep, which are wild in this island; the pony carries the man over places which would be otherwise inaccessible to him—follows his rider over others—enters into the full sport of the chase, and even knocks down and holds the prey under his feet until the rider can take possession of it.

The physiognomy of the horse is an interesting theme.

His passions are written upon his face: his eye speaks his temper; if the white is much seen, trust him not: if he is wont to look backward, be sure there is malice in him. Much is to be learned from

#### THE EARS OF THE HORSE.

The size, setting on, and motion of the ear, are important points. Ears rather small than large, placed not too far apart, erect and quick in motion, indicate both breeding and spirit; and if a horse is in the frequent habit of carrying one ear forward, and the other backward, and especially if he does so on a journey, he will generally possess both spirit and continuance. The stretching of the ears in contrary directions shews that he is attentive to every thing that is passing round him; and while he is doing this he cannot be much fatigued, or likely soon to become so. It has been remarked, that few horses sleep without pointing one ear forward and the other backward, in order that they may receive notice of the approach of objects in every direction. When horses or mules march in company at night, those in front direct their ears forward, those in the rear direct them backward, and those in the centre turn them laterally or across; the whole troop seeming thus to be actuated by one feeling which watches the general safety. The ear of the horse is one of the most beautiful parts about him, and by few things is the temper more surely indicated than by its motion. The ear is more intelligible even than the eye; and a person accustomed to the horse can tell, by the expressive motion of that organ, almost all that he thinks or means. When a horse lays his ears flat back on his neck, he most assuredly is meditating mischief, and the stander by should beware of his heels or his teeth. In play the ears will be laid back, but not so decidedly or so long. A quick change in their position, and more particularly the expression of the eye at the time, will distinguish between playfulness and vice.

And these are useful hints as to

#### A HORSE'S BREEDING.

It is thought, perhaps, with some degree of truth, that indications of character may be drawn from the shape of the nose: but the rules in this case are the reverse of those applicable in judging of human noses; for, in the horse, the prominent Roman nose bespeaks an easy, good-tempered kind of beast, but rather of a plebeian order of mind and body; the horse with a straight, or Grecian nose, may be good or bad tempered, but not often either to any excess; but a hollow nose (a cocked one, as we should say, in speaking of the human face) generally indicates some breeding, especially if the head is small, but occasionally accompanied by a vicious, uncontrollable disposition. "There is another way, however," says Mr. Youatt, "in which the nasal bones do more certainly indicate the breed; viz. by their comparative length or shortness. There is no surer criterion of a well-bred horse than a broad, angular forehead, prominent features, and a short face; nor of a horse with little breeding than a narrow forehead, small features, and lengthened nose. The comparative development of the head and face indicates, with little error, the preponderance of the animal or intellectual principle."

The humanity of the horse is very great; he is usually most solicitous to avoid injuring his fellow creatures. Here are instances:—

It is not an uncommon thing for a fallen soldier to escape without one touch of a hoof, though a charge of cavalry pass over his prostrate body, every animal in the line leaping clear over him. An old horse belonging to a carter in Strathnegie, Fifeshire, had become particularly familiar with the ways of children, for his master had a large family. One day, as this animal was dragging a loaded cart through a narrow lane near the village, a young child happened to be sprawling in the road, and would inevitably have been crushed by the wheels, if the sagacious horse had not prevented it. He carefully took up the child by the clothes with his teeth, carried it a few yards, and then placed it on a bank by the wayside, moving slowly all the while, and looking back to satisfy himself that the wheels of the cart had cleared it.

The horse is of a sociable disposition. Of this many

anecdotes are recorded. It is a well-known fact that in hot countries horses are in the constant habit of bleeding one another. He contracts warm friendships for animals with whom he is associated. Eclipse was fond of a sheep; and Chillaby, who was so savage that only one groom dared approach him, had a peculiar attachment to a lamb. An extraordinary instance is recorded of the

#### FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN A HORSE AND A DOG.

Another instance of attachment between a horse and a dog is related by Capt. Brown in his "Biographical Sketches." "My friend, Dr. Smith, of the Queen's County Militia, Ireland, had a beautiful hackney, which, although extremely spirited, was at the same time wonderfully docile. He had also a fine Newfoundland dog, named Caesar. These animals were mutually attached, and seemed perfectly acquainted with each other's actions. The dog was always kept in the stable at night, and uniformly lay beside the horse. When Dr. Smith practised in Dublin, he visited his patients on horse-back, and had no other servant to take care of the horse, while in their houses, but Caesar, to whom he gave the reins in his mouth. The horse stood very quietly, even in that crowded city, beside his friend Caesar. When it happened that the doctor had a patient not far distant from the place where he paid his last visit, he did not think it worth while to remount, but called to his horse and Caesar. They both instantly obeyed, and remained quietly opposite the door where he entered, until he came out again." While he remained in Maryborough, Queen's County, where I commanded a detachment, I had many opportunities of witnessing the friendship and sagacity of these intelligent animals. The horse seemed to be as implicitly obedient to his friend Caesar as he could possibly be to his groom. The doctor would go to the stable, accompanied by his dog, put the bridle upon his horse, and giving the reins to Caesar, bid him take the horse to the water. They both understood what was to be done, when off trotted Caesar, followed by the horse, which frisked, capered, and played with the dog all the way to the rivulet, about three hundred yards distant from the stable. We followed at a great distance, always keeping as far off as possible, so that we could observe their manoeuvres. They invariably went to the stream, and after the horse had quenched his thirst, both returned in the same playful manner as they had gone out. The doctor frequently desired Caesar to make the horse leap over this stream, which might be about six feet broad. The dog, by a kind of bark, and leaping up towards the horse's head, intimated to him what he wanted, which was quickly understood; and he cantered off, preceded by Caesar, and took the leap in a neat and regular style. The dog was then desired to bring him back again, and it was speedily done in the same manner. On one occasion Caesar lost hold of the reins, and as soon as the horse cleared the leap, he immediately trotted up to his canine guide, who took hold of the bridle, and led him through the water quietly."

In a chapter on the vices and bad habits of the horse, we are informed, on the authority of BURCKHARDT,

#### HOW TO CURE A BITER.

According to Burckhardt, the traveller, there is a method known to the Egyptian soldiery for curing the propensity to bite, and practised by them with unfailing success. They roast a leg of mutton, take it hot from the fire, and present it to the offending animal. He plunges his teeth in it, they stick fast in the hot meat, and the pain he endures makes him careful for the future to bite at nothing but his lawful food. Mr. Morier mentions a singular method he saw practised in Persia to subdue the temper of a very vicious horse, that had resisted every other kind of treatment. The horse was muzzled, and turned loose in an enclosure, there to await the attack of two horses whose mouths and limbs were at liberty, and which were turned in to attack him. So effectually did this discipline operate, that he became completely altered, and as remarkable for docility as he had previously been for savage obstinacy.

An account of the famous "Whisperer," as he was called, who could tame the most vicious horse in half-an-hour, by some process, the secret of which died with him, leads to other recorded cases of

#### HORSE TAMING.

We have been told by a merchant long resident in Mexico, that it is a common practice in that country to tame the most violent horses by a very simple but singular method, namely, by putting the horse's nostrils under a man's armpit. Our informant assures us that the most refractory brute instantly becomes tractable on inhaling the odour of the human body. This strange statement is corroborated by a fact first made known by Mr. Catlin, and both together may perhaps afford a clue to the mystery of the Whisperer's proceedings. Mr. Catlin tells us, that when an Indian of the Rocky Mountains runs down and nooses a wild horse, one of his first steps is to place his hand over the eyes of the struggling animal, and breathe into its nostrils, when it soon becomes docile, and is so completely conquered that it submits quietly ever after. Mr. Ellis, a gentleman of Cambridge, happened to read Mr. Catlin's statement, and felt a natural desire to ascertain how far this mode of horse-taming might be employed among British horses. He tried the experiment on a filly not a year old, that had been removed from her dam three months before, and since that time had not been out of the stable; he tried it, too, under manifest disadvantage, for the filly, which was quite wild, was in the open air, with several strangers about her, and both the owner and the amateur were rather seeking amusement from the failure, than knowledge from the success, of their experiment. It was with great difficulty Mr. Ellis managed to cover the eyes of the restive and frightened animal. At length he succeeded, and blew into her nostrils. No particular effect seemed to follow. He then breathed into her nostrils, and the moment he did so the filly at once desisted from her violent struggles, stood still, and trembled. From that time she became very tractable. Another gentleman also breathed into her nostrils, and she evidently enjoyed it, and kept putting up her nose to receive the breath. On the following morning she was led out again. She was perfectly tractable, and it seemed to be almost impossible to frighten her.

(To be continued.)

STRANGE CONFLICT.—A few days ago, as two gentlemen were near the Meikle Rock between Avoch and Fortrose, with a Newfoundland dog, a fish was seen about twenty yards in the sea, its fins topping the water. The fish was fired at, and the dog immediately swam in pursuit. He caught the fish by the tail, when the fish elevated itself out of the water, and got clear of the dog. The dog again caught it by the mouth, and both dived under the water, when a violent struggle took place. The dog, however, succeeded in vanquishing the fish, and dragged it ashore. The fish is, we understand, a fox-shark, and measured five feet in length.—*Westshire Advertiser.*

THE ARCTIC ICES, according to the accounts brought by the last whalers, have this season abounded in greater bodies than usual; and none of them have brought any intelligence of the expedition under Sir John Franklin and Captain Crozier, from whom, however, we trust soon to hear.

M. Michaud, playing with his dog, threw to him, at different times during a period of twelve years, different pieces of money; the dog swallowed successively a five-franc piece, and a large bell-metal sou, which did not inconvenience the animal in the least, either at the time or later. The dog died a few days ago, and M. Michaud had him opened, and found in his stomach, mixed with the debris of the last meal, the two pieces of money. The five-franc piece, the surface of which was not sensibly altered, weighed only 23½ grains instead of 25 grains; the large sou, became very thin, was covered with a black substance, probably sulphuret of copper, and weighed only 5½ grains, instead of 20 grains. It is probable that had the dog lived a little longer, the sou would have disappeared altogether, without producing the least injury to the stomach.

#### MUSIC.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.—The English tenor, Reeves, made a most successful debut a short time since at the Scala, in the Lucia, with Miss Hayes, as prima donna. For a very long time past there has been nothing here to equal their acting and singing. Nature has done her part to aid them; both are young, both handsome, both equally gifted with fine voices and a nice perception of the beautiful in their art. Reeves remains till the spring, and then goes to Vienna. It appears that the English, as singers, are daily gaining ground with the Italians, for Mr. Jones



(a basso) has been singing with very great success at Verona and various other places; he is now engaged for the Carnival at Genoa, on most excellent terms. The celebrated tenor, Gardoni, who has created so great a sensation on the Continent, is likely to prove a great card at her Majesty's theatre in the approaching season. He has a voice of exquisite quality, and his style and method are faultless. In some parts he is really great, and though by no means a superior actor, he has sufficient art to render many characters impressive.—*Musical World*.

Liszt has recently married, at Prague, the daughter of a wealthy jeweller. The lady, it is said, has brought her husband a dowry of three millions [francs].—*Moniteur Parisien*.

## THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

**HAYMARKET.**—Mr. FARREN appeared on Wednesday evening as the principal personage in the new farce, whose production was last week broken off in the middle by his indisposition. No great harm would have been done had the production of the piece been independently adjourned—from any other cause—for it is by no means of eminent quality. There is an amorous, petulant old gentleman, good hearted withal, a character written, as it were to order, for Mr. FARREN; and there is a flippant, meddlesome, mendacious lady's-maid, whose "story-telling" gives its title to the farce, and which, in like manner, has been concocted for Mrs. HUMBY. The old gentleman wants to marry his ward, and his ward wants to marry somebody else; and the lady's-maid wants to serve the young lady's views, if she don't lose by it. Eventually the old gentleman does the generous, and the lady's-maid is very unhandsonely cheated out of the husband she had been aiming at. The piece was given out for repetition.

**FRENCH PLAYS.**—There has been nothing new here since our last publication. Mademoiselle BROHAN was to have taken her benefit on Wednesday, on which occasion *Bertrand et Ratan* was to have been produced, but the lady's indisposition prevented her appearance, and there was no performance.

**ETHIOPIAN SERENADERS.**—These extremely amusing persons have renewed their engagement at St. James's Theatre, where they will sing and play every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday during the holidays,—they have got several new songs.

**MASQUERADE.**—The *Bal Masque* at the Lyceum, under the direction of Mr. ALLCROFT, went off exceedingly well. The theatre was quite crowded.

**ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.**—A lecture was delivered at this establishment, by Mr. BULLOCK WEBSTER, on land drainage. To those engaged in agricultural pursuits, the information he offered must be of the highest importance, inasmuch as it was not the result of contested theories, but that of a variety of practical experiments. There can be no doubt but that many thousands of acres in almost every county in England require draining, in order to make them yield a remunerating produce proportioned to the capital expended; and surely a plan such as that put forward by Mr. B. WEBSTER (which not only ensures complete success, but at a very inconsiderable expense, as compared with what the cost hitherto has been), must be a great national benefit. The advantages to be derived, both to the landlord and tenant, by a complete drainage of those portions of land which require it were made apparent to the simplest understanding, and as a proof of it the lecturer on this occasion adduced an instance in the case of Lord HATHERTON'S estate, where that nobleman cleared by such an experiment thirty-seven per cent. on the capital which he expended in the first instance. The lecture was attended by many well-known agriculturists, and at the conclusion the lecturer was warmly applauded.

## NECROLOGY.

### MRS. AGNES HALL.

In Charles-street, Clarendon-square, Somerstown, died, at a very advanced age, on Monday week, Mrs. Agnes Hall, a literary veteran, who for very many years devoted her talent to almost every species of composition, and reaped the customary reward—a bare existence, filled with difficulties and troubles. Mrs. Hall was of a good old Border family, and the widow of Dr. Hall, of Jedburgh. After coming to London and commencing the pursuit of literature, she was a constant contributor to the *Old Monthly Magazine*, then the property of Sir Richard Phillips; and also of scientific articles for cyclopedias,—such as Nicholson's, Gregory's, and others of that period—the whole amounting to an immense mass, which was in later days augmented by translations from foreign works, for *Frazer's Magazine*, and many other periodicals, to which access was attain-

able; some occupation on the *Westminster Review*, when under Mr. Mill; and since his time in short critical notices, and similar matters in some of Knight's popular publications. With the names of many novels which she gave to the world anonymously we are not acquainted; but we can truly affirm that all were such as goodness and virtue must most cordially approve, and all displayed a degree of agreeable fancy and talent which were honourable to productions of that class, when certainly works of fiction did not belong to so high a range of literary excellence as some of them have since attained. Mrs. Hall has left one only daughter, "amid," as she has written to us, from beside the lone coffin of her departed parent, "all the stern realities of this cold world of ours, with none to bear me company save a portrait of poor Canon Riego, our oldest neighbour and friend, and which, to my disordered brain, seems almost instinct with life." A touching picture from a midnight bed of death. We believe the dear old lady has left (as from such a course of existence it was likely she should) a number of manuscripts, of which several might merit selection for the public. We remember having seen and liked much a memoir of Lord Kaimes, and also *Remarks on the Character of the Scottish Peasantry*, quite worthy of being generally read; and we heartily wish they could, and other pieces like them, if any, be made available in the way of provision for her desolate offspring.—*Literary Gazette*.

### DR. LIST, FOUNDER OF THE ZOLLVEREIN.

THIS celebrated man died last week. He may be considered in a great measure as the parent of the Zollverein. It was he who in the first place put forward that fine idea of the German Customs Union, which he was enabled to render popular by his writings before it was brought into application. To carry out the accomplishment of his vast project, he in 1819 drew up a petition to the Germanic Diet, in which he laid down the bases of the "Society of German Industry and Commerce." This society, which soon reckoned from 5,000 to 6,000 members, was regularly organised. Its statutes were submitted to the approbation of the Germanic confederation and of the different governments. It had a local correspondent in every city, and a provincial correspondent in every state. The central committee held its sittings at Nuremberg. It published a weekly journal, entitled *Organe de l'Industrie et du Commerce Allemands*. Every year, at the fair at Frankfort, a general assembly was held, to which the central committee made its report. This mission accomplished, Dr. List did not remain idle. He unceasingly devoted himself to the improvement of his work. Strengthened by the instruction which he had acquired in his various journeys and in America; familiarised with the practice of business pursuits from his constant contact with them, he made all his researches available to promote the grandeur and the prosperity of his country. He was constantly the promoter of every institution which might tend to consolidate the unity of Germany. The rail-roads, which might tend to tighten the bands of the confederated states, found in him a zealous supporter. Latterly, full of ardour, notwithstanding his advanced age, he exerted himself in the most active manner in the discussion on the principles which ought to guide the Zollverein in the reform of its tariff. Dr. List summed up his doctrines in a work which he published in 1841, under the title of "National System of Political Economy." This work is not only that of a German who seeks to regenerate the industry and the commerce of his country; he has in it particularly sought to point out the difference which exists between cosmopolite economy and political economy. It is to the former which belongs the principle of commercial liberty; the latter, on the contrary, taking nationalities into account, takes counsel from experience, and appropriates its lessons to present wants and the particular of each people, without despising the rights of the future and of humanity. Between two nations far advanced in civilization, he says, free concurrence cannot be advantageous to either one or the other, but inasmuch as they are both nearly on a par with regard to the manufacturing development. After having laid down in this treatise the principles which directed it, he followed up its application in the journal of the Zollverein, the *Zollvereinsblatt*, the first number of which he published in 1843. Occupied more particularly with the commercial freedom of his country, he demanded and supported all the augmentations of the tariffs which might protect the national markets against the invasion of English products. Before his death he saw the Zollverein enter, after much hesitation, into the path into which he had never ceased to impel it.—*Morning Herald*.

The following deaths are thus noticed by the *Athenæum*. It is a melancholy list. Of individuals nearly connected with authors of celebrity, there have recently been sad bereavements:—Mrs. Hood, the widow of the lamented Thomas Hood, has not long survived her husband. She died on Friday, the 4th, and with

her, we fear, died the small government pension, continued to her on the demise of her cherished companion. Their only son and daughter are now orphans: we trust not to be left so, if possible, without the kind consideration, for yet a few years of their youth, of the powers that be, and a merciful representation of their condition to her Majesty. Mrs. Hood was the sister of Mr. J. Hamilton Reynolds, a not unequal coadjutor with his brother-in-law in many of those playful and humorous productions which contributed to his popular fame; the author of several of Mathews' best Entertainments, and a writer (of late debarred from the full and continued exercise of his successful pen by an indifferent state of health), from whom, whenever the mood is upon him, and he is pleased to indulge in it, the public might be gratified with a continuance of such papers of sterling talent as those with which he has heretofore enriched the periodical press. — Mrs. Barker, the widow of the Old Sailor, died on Monday last, after only three days' illness, aged fifty-two. — Captain Gore, the husband of Mrs. Gore, died about a fortnight ago at Brussels, where he had resided a considerable time in such a state of weakness as to render his removal less a subject of regret than it would have been under other and more auspicious circumstances. — Mr. John Scanlan, for a number of years creditably connected with the newspaper press, died a few days ago, at the premature age of forty-five. — On the 3rd instant, at his residence in Orchard-street, Poole, aged 39, died Mr. John Sydenham, jun. Mr. Sydenham had been for some years connected with the public press, and more recently as editor of the *Poole and Dorsetshire Herald*. Possessed of a refined mind, rich powers of description, and a matured judgment, he had done much for the advancement of archaeological science, particularly in illustrating the early history of his native county. That he possessed the proper qualifications for the task, his essay published in Vol. XXX. of the *Archæologia* would alone demonstrate. His disposition was kind and gentle; and he was sincere and warmhearted in his friendships. His loss will be felt by many; but especially by those few friends who were associated with him in those researches which employed his leisure, and contributed to check the progress of a disease which prematurely broke down a constitution in physical weakness strikingly contrasted with its mental energy.

Mr. WILLIAM NEWMAN, the great medical herb-grower at Mitcham, so well known to the faculty and botanists, for his very extensive culture of plants belonging to the pharmacopœia, as well as of rarer specimens, was accidentally killed on Tuesday week whilst out shooting on his grounds.

ADMIRAL VON KRUSENSTERN. — News has lately been received of the death of Admiral von Krusenstern, the celebrated Russian circumnavigator, at an advanced age, after a lingering illness of fifteen months; he was interred, by order of the Emperor, by the side of Admiral Greig, in the cathedral at Ural; a distinction which has not been accorded for many years past. It is intended to erect a monument to his distinguished life and services; we think that a subscription in this country would meet with the sanction and support of the many scientific and naval men, to whom his distinguished talents and achievements have been so long familiar.

The somewhat eccentric Daniel French, Esq. barrister-at-law, and author of many pamphlets, and other writings, died at Hammersmith on the 7th, aged 72.

## JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, INVENTIONS, AND IMPROVEMENTS.

The story respecting the discovery of a human fossil—involving the coexistence of man and the megatherium—has called out the eminent geologist Mr. Charles Lyell, in a letter to the *Times*. We subjoin a portion of his letter, abridged:—"I feel sure that the story relates to a part of a human pelvis (a fragment of the *os innominatum*) which was shown to me at Natchez last spring, together with several very remarkable remains of megatheroid animals. I visited Natchez in March last, on which occasion I was informed of the antiquity assigned to the human relic; and having examined carefully into the evidence, came to the conclusion that the proof of the coexistence of the human individual with the megatheroid and other extinct quadrupeds found in the vicinity was altogether unsatisfactory." Mr. Lyell gives an interesting description of the geological formation of the region. The bone was no doubt found in a water-course, named by Dr. Dickenson "the mammoth ravine;" which is now seven miles long and sixty feet deep. This ravine has been entirely formed since the earthquake of New Madrid in 1812. "It is, however, enough for our present purpose to affirm, that whatever be the date of the origin of this water-course, it has of late years been considerably enlarged and lengthened; its banks presenting everywhere precipices, in which the loam, unconsolidated as it is, retains its verticality, as is the case with its counterpart, the

loess of the Rhine. Land-shells are seen in great numbers at the depth of about thirty feet from the top; and the fossil bones of the mastodon, and other extinct quadrupeds, are usually picked up in the bed of the stream after they have been washed out of the undermined cliffs, where, however, some few have also been observed *in situ*. Under these circumstances, as I was given to understand, the human pelvis was procured at the base of the cliff. Even if it had been dug out in the presence of a practical geologist, it would have been necessary for him to be more than usually on his guard against deception; for land-slides have detached large masses from the cliffs, and these may easily cover human bones previously washed down by the stream, or dislodged from the soil near the top of the cliff, where some old Indian graves, so common throughout the country, may have been undermined. It is not rare to find on shoals and on the shores of the islands in the Mississippi, at low water, numerous bones of man, mingled with those of extinct animals, washed out of the bluffs. In these cases, the human bones are as black as the quadrupedal fossils, having been apparently stained with peaty matter in the soil where they were buried; but no geologist has ever ventured, on this evidence, to infer the contemporaneousness of man and the fossil species thus accidentally associated."

Verax, a correspondent of the *Times*, tells the whole story respecting the purchase of the false "Holbein" for the National Gallery:—"Before the end of July, Mr. Eastlake, with the assistance of an 'eminent German friend,' had the luck to stumble on the 'libel on Holbein.' As I have before stated, it was offered in my presence to a private person for 300*l.*; but that would have been a price unworthy of the nation. The more dignified sum of 800*l.* was therefore demanded; and, after a little delicate flirtation, it was secured for 600*l.* So great was the rejoicing on this memorable occasion, that the dealer was even complimented for having favoured us with so precious an article; and the fine Vandyke horses were displaced to make room for it." The picture, however, proved to be spurious. "Down it came; entreaties and threats were used alternately to induce the dealer to return the money; but to no purpose. In vain did Mr. Eastlake endeavour to coax the obdurate man with the splendid offer of 100*l.* on the part of the trustees, and of an additional 50*l.* out of his own pocket, to take back the 'libel.' The 'tremendous sacrifice of 25 per cent. under prime cost,' was obstinately refused!" Verax estimates the market-value of the picture at 40*l.*

We see it stated that Mr. Hudson, as Lord Mayor of York, has proposed a scheme for completely throwing open the west end of the magnificent cathedral in that city—to be effected by public subscription; and has, himself, headed the list with 500*l.*

The newspapers say that there are 1,302,620 engravings in the *Bibliothèque Royale*; and that as the number is continually increasing, new edifices have to be erected for their accommodation.

A scientific commission is now engaged in investigating the principles of Lord Dundonald's war plan.

## JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

*The Phrenological Journal and Magazine of Moral Science.* No. LXXXIX. for October 1846. Edinburgh: Maclachlan and Co.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

THE fourth paper is a memoir of Mr. JAMES DE VILLE, from the pen of Dr. BROWNE. From this we shall take more copiously.

James De Ville was born at Hammersmith, in the county of Middlesex, on the 12th of March, 1777. His grandfather was a native of Berne in Switzerland. At an early age, he, with some other Protestants, quitted his country to avoid religious persecution. He arrived in London some time previous to the middle of the last century, and there married, in 1749, Margaret Blundell, a native of Guernsey. They had several children, all of whom died in infancy except James Louis De Ville, who was born in February 1751. The son had not attained his sixteenth year when the father died. His prospects were then very unpropitious; but, being an honest, industrious youth, he soon acquired friends. In February 1776 he married Mary Bryant, whose family dwelt for several generations in the capacity of husbandmen, at what was called the Farm House, at Shepherd's Bush, in the parish of Fulham. He now took a house at Hammersmith, and continued to prosper in his business as a hairdresser, till by an injudicious speculation he lost all that he had been for years strug-

gling to acquire. At this crisis the parish authorities, in consideration of the uniform correctness of his conduct, appointed him overseer of roads and collector of rates for their repair, in that district. The emolument arising from this source being insufficient for the proper maintenance of his numerous family, he was obliged to remove his eldest child James, then about eight years old, from the humble day-school which he was attending, in order to place him with a maternal uncle, who was an extensive brickmaker in that neighbourhood. From that time the boy never had an hour's instruction in what Cobbett designated book-learning.

After four or five years he went to London, and hired himself as an assistant at a tavern in the Strand. He speedily won the confidence and good will of his employer. Among the frequenters of the house was Mr. HARRIS, a statuary and worker in plaster of Paris, who, observing the lad's intelligence, offered him a situation in his workshop. The offer was eagerly embraced, and in this employ he continued till the death of his master in 1796.

In the following year he married, and while his wife carried on a small retail business at home, he occupied himself as a journeyman moulder in plaster until 1803, when the stock and moulds of FLAXMAN's father being for sale, DE VILLE resolved to begin business on his own account. He invested his savings in the purchase, and immediately opened a shop in Little Pulteney-street, Soho, for the sale of plaster figures. The elegance of his castings soon attracted attention, and so rapidly did his business increase, that in about two years he found it necessary to remove to larger premises in Great Newport-street, Leicester-square. In 1814, he removed to the Strand; in 1816, he began to construct lamps for lighthouses. He joined the Society of Arts, and was elected chairman of the committee. Here he was first made known to Mr. DONKIN, who employed him to take casts for phrenological purposes, and by this gentleman was he introduced to other phrenologists, who gave him similar commissions. For a long time he performed the work mechanically, without knowing or caring for the object, until, at the recommendation of his friend Mr. DONKIN, he was induced to inquire into the meaning of the science whose name was now so familiar to him. At once he recognized its value, and with characteristic ardour began that collection of casts which has been of so great value to phrenology, as well as to mental philosophy. In 1821, he first took casts from life. In 1823, he visited SPURZHEIM in Paris, and prevailed upon the Doctor to deliver a course of lectures in London, guaranteeing him 100*l.* at his own risk.

He now began to turn his attention to the manipulation of heads; and soon became so expert a head reader (to use a phrase of my respected friend, Dr. Caldwell), that Spurzheim, not long afterwards, said that he possessed more quickness and tact as a manipulator than any one he had yet seen. His success in elucidating the characters of one hundred and forty-eight convicts on board the ship *England*, about to sail to New South Wales, in 1826, when he specified the kind of dangers during the voyage to which their several organizations would tend (see the account of Mr. Simpson, *Phren. Journ.* vol. iv. p. 467), is a convincing attestation of his skill.

His next labours in the cause were gratuitous demonstrations of Phrenology, at his own house, twice a week. Then public lectures. The genius of this remarkable man is thus depicted by Dr. BROWNE:—

#### INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER OF DE VILLE.

Mr. De Ville was not ashamed of his humble origin. He generally disarmed criticism, by stating at the outset of his discourse that he had not received a literary education. But his intellect was of a high order; and, as man's strongest faculties point out the path he is to pursue with a view to obtain individual happiness, so we find that all Mr. De Ville's

pursuits were intellectual. Considering his indefatigable attention to business, he read a good deal; and it was surprising to find him so well informed upon so wide a range of subjects. The tendency to study principles was a leading feature of his intellect; and to his power in discovering these must be attributed much of his success. That was his first qualification; his being eminently a practical man, the second; his energy, punctuality, and perseverance did the rest. It was these qualities that enabled him to establish a large manufacturing business without having previously seen how such a trade ought to be conducted, and also to manage both departments—the mechanical in the manufactory, and the commercial in the counting-house. As a mental arithmetician he possessed considerable ability. This power manifested itself at a very early age, and greatly tended to smooth the rugged path he had to tread when he first visited London. He was fond of music; and had a taste for beautiful forms and proportions in sculpture. The picturesque in scenery afforded him a high degree of pleasure. He had a passion for gardening, and possessed much skill in the management of fruit-trees. He was at one time an enthusiastic angler, and was very expert at making a fly.

He died suddenly, at the age of seventy, on the 6th of May last.

Of his invaluable collection of casts, we have the following account:—

It consists of about 2,450 specimens, nearly 200 of which are skulls. The rest are, with very few exceptions, all *original* casts. Upwards of 1,500 have been taken from the life at his own house. Of the skulls, about 14 are of men remarkable chiefly for their atrocity. The remainder, except a few which are in themselves very interesting, belong to the aborigines of various parts of the globe. Among the casts there are about 300 that have been taken from *original* moulds made upon skulls. A few of these are from the skulls of some of the most extraordinary men recorded in history—Descartes, for instance. There are many from those of executed criminals, and a large portion from the crania of aboriginal tribes. About 30 of these are of the ancient Peruvian stock. There is a very interesting series of casts from the heads of remarkable characters, together with casts of the exterior and interior of their skulls. Some of these were insane and idiotic, some of them poets, and the others desperate highwaymen. There is likewise a set, about thirty in number, from persons who died insane, from Esquirol's collection. The casts of young persons from the age of seven to eighteen are nearly 80 in number. These are interesting in the extreme: they serve to illustrate various degrees of endowment from imbecility to brilliant capacity.

Besides these, there are—

About 80 casts of poets, novelists, and other literary men. Several of these are from amongst the peasantry. The casts of mathematicians and engineers are numerous; and their intellectual development forms a striking contrast to those I have last mentioned. Of dramatists, actors, musicians, painters, and sculptors, there is an extensive series, embracing the most celebrated modern ones; men eminent in different departments of art. There is a large series of casts (about 50), from persons devoted to religious pursuits. There are about 30 casts of the most eminent travellers and navigators of modern times. Some of these possess uncommon interest. There are also several casts of men who have obtained celebrity as prize-fighters. There is an extensive series of original masks, many of them being casts (chiefly posthumous) of some of the greatest statesmen and orators that this country has produced. And it is interesting to see how completely the developments correspond to the peculiarity of intellect displayed by each of them. There are also casts of men eminent in the learned professions. There are a few casts of Chinese, New Zealanders, and Esquimaux. There are several wax models of the dissected human brain, illustrating its anatomy after the manner of Gall, Spurzheim, and Reil. Mr. De Ville collected also about 3,000 crania of animals for the study and illustration of Comparative Phrenology. This part of his museum was but partially arranged, and never exhibited to visitors.

The fifth paper is a review of Dr. ROBERTSON's re-



marks on "Insanity resulting from Injury to the Head." This is followed by notices of a variety of new publications on Mental Philosophy, most of which have been already introduced to the readers of THE CRITIC, and a collection of the intelligence of the preceding quarter.

#### Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, &c. Wanted.

[This is part of a complete list now being extracted for THE CRITIC from the advertisements that have appeared in the newspapers during the present century. The reference, with the date and place of each advertisement, cannot be stated here without subjecting the paragraph to duty. But the figures refer to a corresponding entry in a book kept at THE CRITIC Office, where these particulars are preserved, and which will be communicated to any applicant. To prevent impertinent curiosity, a fee of half-a-crown for each inquiry must be paid to the publisher, or if by letter, postage stamps to that amount inclosed.]

531. HENRY ORIEL, son of George Oriel, formerly of Rotherhithe, tailor, who was son of George Oriel, of same place, tailor. Said Henry Oriel went to sea when a lad, about forty years ago, and has not since been heard of. *Something to advantage.*
532. MARY MORRISON, sister of Morris Morrison, late of the Island of Cuba, M.D. deceased. She was lately residing at Havannah. *Something to advantage.*
533. NEXT OF KIN OF ROBERT HASWELL, late of Nicholas-lane, City of London, plumber (died August 1831), or their representatives.
534. THOMAS THOMPSON, who carried on business as a surveyor at 17, Charlotte-street, Blackfriars-road, in the year 1827. *Something to advantage.*
535. Parties who witnessed the execution of a WILL by the late THOMAS F. RANCE, esq. surgeon, 4, City-road, Finsbury, since the year 1830. *A reward.*
536. MARY, otherwise MARIA, DRINKWATER, daughter of Samuel Drinkwater, who, previous to 1801, kept the Crown and Anchor Tap, at Woolwich, and afterwards the Red Lion, at Plumstead, or her issue. Said M. D. in and previously to 1804, resided at Plumstead aforesaid; and in or about that year went to live at Woolwich, with a soldier named Shaw, and shortly after left this country with him, on his regiment being ordered abroad, it is said, to India, where she was stated to be living in 1807, since which time she has not been heard of.
537. MATTHEW BRADY, who in 1834 worked in a tan-yard, Long-lane, Bermondsey. *Something to advantage.*
538. WILLIAM MORGAN, brother of Capt. Frederick William Morgan, late of Air-street, Regent-street, London, formerly a captain in 1st regiment of Madras infantry. Or his family.
539. JAMES DARK, residing in 1842, at 7, Charlton-stables, Warwick-street, Charing-cross, London, and who has a brother living in Mortimer-street, Trowbridge, Wilts. *Something to advantage.*
540. HEIRS OR HEIR-AT-LAW OF JOHN KEAWICK, late of Upper Easton, Gloucestershire, gent. (died Oct. 21, 1842), or their representatives.
541. NEXT OF KIN OF GARLEFF KOESTER, otherwise KOSTER, formerly of Gluckstadt, in Germany, afterwards of the city of London, merchant, and since a lunatic at Pembroke House, Hackney (died Nov. 28, 1842), or their representatives.
542. JENNY LEGER, of Geneva, who, thirteen years ago, was in a situation at Bishop's Hall, Chelmsford, and who is believed since then to have married a person of the name of Rose.
543. THOMAS DAVIES and JANE DAVIES, children of Jane Davies, formerly of Chipping Sodbury, and afterwards of Rhayader, widow. Thomas entered the navy, and sailed to the West Indies, about 1811; and Jane went to London. *Something to advantage.* Information of their residence, or if dead, of their decease, required.
544. WILLIAM BAIRD, who was in Leith, afterwards in the Isle of Man, and at the Five Bells, Graveland, at Christmas 1813, and his son, or his son's wife and children.
545. THOMAS SALISBURY, formerly of Netherseat, Leicester, and when last heard of New Park, Sussex, servant to Sir E. Inney, bart. *Something to advantage.* If dead, information of his decease required.

(To be continued weekly.)

#### BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

##### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

REVIVAL OF THE BOOKSELLING TRADE.—At the annual sale by Mr. Murray, at the Albion Hotel, last week, the number of books disposed of wholesale greatly exceeded any demand for the last seven years. We understand that Messrs. Longman had an equally active demand on a recent occasion. These are symptoms of a returning prosperity to that channel of intelligence which has too long been in a declining state.—*Observer.*

In a case recently before one of the law courts, it was shewn that the celebrated Alexandre Dumas received fifteen sous a line (about seven pence halfpenny) for a romance written for the *Patric*, one of the daily newspapers. The great man, it appears, had engaged to contribute a romance of 25,000 lines, but only supplied about 17,000 lines, though he received payment for the whole. It was to get back the amount that he had pocketed,

above what he was entitled to, that he was dragged before the court. Payment by the line for romances is unknown in England; but it is common enough in France, especially among the most popular authors.—*Literary Gazette.*

Captain Mauby, the well-known philanthropic inventor, has requested the *Times* to contradict the report of his death. He is hale and hearty, though in his eighty-third year.

Several sermons have recently been preached in the Town-hall of Kelso by a boy only ten years of age.

Malta papers announce the arrival of Miss Harriet Martineau in that island, on the 16th of November, on her way to Egypt. She was visited by many persons of distinction.

#### REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From Dec. 12 to Dec. 19.

##### NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of THE CRITIC, and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in THE CRITIC. Particulars forwarded by letter will be duly inserted.

##### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Adams's (Rev. W.) The Old Man's Home, fcap. 2s. 6d. cl.—Album of Dance Music for 1847, for Piano Forte, folio, 10s. 6d. cl.—Ayre's (Mrs. H.) Key to the Lady's Practical Arithmetic, 2nd edit. fcap. 8vo. 3s. cl.—Alison's (A.) History of Europe, during the Revolution, 7th edit. (to be completed in 20 vols.) Vol. I. post 8vo. 6s. cl. 3s.—Andersen's (Hans C.) Shoes of Fortune, small 8vo. 5s. cl.
- Bayley's (F. W. N.) New Tale of a Tub, with Illustrations, small 4to. 2s. 6d. cl.—Biber's (Rev. G.) Sermons for Saints' Days, 8vo. 9s. cl.—Bonar's (Rev. H.) Night of Weeping, 10th thousand, 18mo. 2s. cl.—Browne's (J. A.) Etchings of a whaling Cruise, Engravings, 8vo. 18s. cl.—Byles (Sergt.) on Bills of Exchange, 5th edit. 8vo. 20s. bds.
- Cambridge and Dublin Mathematical Journal, edited by W. Thompson, Vol. I. new series, 8vo. 16s. cl.—Christian Year (The), 28th edit. fcap. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Christmas and Christmas Carols, 6 Illustrations, small 4to. 1s. swd.—Cottager's Monthly Visitor for 1846, 12mo. 4s. 6d. hf. bd.—Collier's Railway Acts, 2nd edit. 12mo. 14s. bds.—Czerzy's New Exercises on Harmony and Thorough Bass, 8vo. 4s. bds: Ditto, Letters on Thorough Bass, 8vo. 4s. bds.—Cousin Kate's Story, or, Set about it at Once, 2s. 6d. cl.
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- East-India Register (The) and Army List for 1847, by F. Clark, 12mo. 10s. swd.—English Matron (The) by Authoress of "The English Gentlewoman," post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Emerson's (B. W.) Poems, post 8vo. 6s. cl. gilt.—Eton Eutropius, new edit. 12mo. 2s. cl.
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